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JULY 10, 1972

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GOODMAN DEMONSTRATING HOW BENCH DOES IT

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

JOHNNY BENCH and Mark Goodman have a number of things in common: they are both from the Southwest, they are both one-eighth Choctaw Indian, and they both had baseball in the blood early. At that point their careers divide for a while. Goodman, his knee battered in high school athletics, quit the game as a Cornell freshman. He took a degree in philosophy, tended bar for a time, and after working for United Press International came to TIME in 1966 as a reporter. He has since written for the Sport, Show Business, Cinema and Nation sections. Bench, less of a rolling stone, found steady work with the Cincinnati Reds. This week, however, the two find something to share once again—Bench as the subject of TIME's cover story. Goodman as its author.

Goodman drew up Ben Bench play in Shea Stadium against the Mets. Though a New York fan (Goodman wrote the 1969 cover story on the Mets while they were in second place, and is convinced that it boosted them to the world championship that fall), he was deeply impressed by the Reds' catcher. "This season," says Goodman, "has what is probably the best lineup of catchers since the 1950s. And Bench is the best of the best. Barring injuries or flukes, he will certainly have the price of admission to the Hall of Fame one day."

Preparing to write this week's cover story, Goodman drew on his observations of Bench on the field and of the game generally. The fact that he plays an occasional but enthusiastic leftfield for TIME's softball team may or may not have helped; the team bears a certain resemblance to the Mets in their earliest days. For a close-up view of the Bench personality these days, Goodman relied on Correspondent Karsten Prager, who traveled with the catcher last week.

Prager caught up with Bench in San Francisco before a game with the Giants. The two met during batting practice, again on the Reds' chartered plane en route to San Diego, and finally talked at length in Bench's hotel room. The last interview was interrupted briefly when Bench pulled out a pair of binoculars to examine the San Diego landscape, particularly the stretch around the pool. "Besides Bench's other attributes," reports Prager, "his vision is 20-10."

Ralph P. Davidson

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The Cover: Photograph by Eric Schweikardt.

TIME is published weekly, \$14.00 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Second class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Vol. 100 No. 2. © 1972 Time Inc. All rights reserved. Principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. Reproduction in whole or in part without written permission is prohibited.

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LETTERS

The Devil Among Us

Sir / "Satan Returns" [June 19]. Since when did he leave? He came with Columbus and stayed for the entire exploration and colonization. He snatched the slave from Africa, lured the farmer to the city, and seduced the worker. He distinguished himself in every war from the Revolution to Viet Nam. He attends all elections, serves every institution and enjoys distinction in the sciences and the arts. And although people have professed Christ for centuries, they have truly worshiped the devil, as they pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on their neighbors the rest of the week. The open cult of the devil may accentuate the dichotomy, but it at least eliminates the hypocrisy.

JOSEPH VINCI
North Dartmouth, Mass.

Sir / In your cover story on the occult, you describe the ideas and beliefs of its followers as either ridiculous and foolish. Why is it that when you describe other religions, which are also based on supernatural phenomena such as the resurrection of Christ, angels, heaven and hell, you do not imply that these beliefs are ridiculous and foolish? I say either all or none should be seen as ridiculous—I vote for all.

KATHLEEN VICK
San Jose, Calif.

Sir / I noted your article on satanic revival with shock and astonishment. It is truly incredible in an age of intellectual enlightenment that supposedly educated people would deliberately revert to medieval superstition—posturing in ridiculous costumes and even more ridiculous titles and rituals.

Let us hope that there is also a revival of old-fashioned Puritanism that will see the light for what it is and permit these characters the ultimate conclusion of medieval witchcraft—burning at the stake.

ELINOR JONES
Omaha

Sir / Why do you call the occult a "substitute" faith when all faiths are occult? The believer in any faith behaves just as the "occultist" does: he invokes a noncorporeal superbeing by going through certain rituals, and he exhorts this being to reveal hidden meanings of the universe. And, like the occultist, the believer in another faith discovers that, ridiculous as his ritual may seem to the uninitiated, it sometimes works for him.

RUTH J. SMOCK
Professor of English
Montgomery College
Takoma Park, Md.

Complaints on Commercials

Sir / Re TIME's article "Now the Lemmings" [June 19], three cheers for efforts by the Committee for Rejection of Obnoxious Commercials to upgrade the quality of commercials, but to complain about their quality without protesting their quantity misses and perhaps condones through silence the greatest insult to the TV viewer. These commercial interruptions completely destroy the continuity of TV viewing. While watching a recent *Dick Cavett Show*, I carefully recorded twelve separate commercial breaks with a total of 39 individual ads. Total ad time—22 minutes out of a 90-minute program, which works out to roughly one minute of ads for each three minutes of program time. NBC's *Tonight Show* was

no better, with nine separate breaks and 45 individual ads for a total ad time of 22 minutes again.

RICHARD NEWMAN
New Haven, Conn.

Sir / Hallelujah! The Lemmings are long overdue. Maybe aesthetics and advertising are not compatible, but how about some real truth in advertising for a change?

"Try it, we'll like it!"
BARBARA E. SEWALL
Orono, Me.

Sir / The public can strike back! I suggest they join me in the Big Turn-Off. When a really objectionable commercial comes on, turn off the set. Write to the network and to the sponsor. Refuse to buy the product and stay away from commercial television until you get a satisfactory answer.

JANE G. FRY
Oak Ridge, N.J.

Milton the Musk Ox

Sir / Perhaps it's a small matter to those who do not know and love Milton the musk ox, but the photo you show [June 19] as Milton is not Milton, but Matilda.

Milton was lovingly hand-raised here at the Children's Zoo. After hours we used to let him run and snort and smash around in a field behind the zoo until he was thoroughly worn out. He loved it. We feel he loved us too, because he would always come when called, charging full tilt toward us and then hauling up just short of minor disaster. Of course, this was when he was still small, playful and harmless.

We had few regrets when we heard that Milton was going to China, because Peking has an excellent zoo, and we knew that his keepers would love him as we did.

LANDES H. BELL
Manager
San Francisco Children's Zoo
San Francisco

Beautiful Vultures

Sir / Your picture and story [June 19] about a vulture in Washington, D.C., surprised me. When I was reared in Washington around the turn of the century, vultures (we called them buzzards) were always visible, gracefully wheeling in the sky. They were beautiful in the air, though, as your picture shows, hideous in closeup.

Have they become so rare as to be worthy of a picture and story in your magazine?

BLANDFORD JENNINGS
Maplewood, Mo.

God-Given Talents

Sir / Your article, "To Dad from Allan" [June 12], was beautiful.

It just goes to show that as soon as our society is willing to assign the same priority as the Schenckins do to working with mentally retarded children, we will all benefit from their meager yet God-given talents.

JAMES B. KELLY
Pennsylvania House of
Representatives
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sir / Thank you for writing about Allan. Such articles serve as an inspiration to us parents of children who share his condition, and who of course live day to day with the special values and extra dimensions that our



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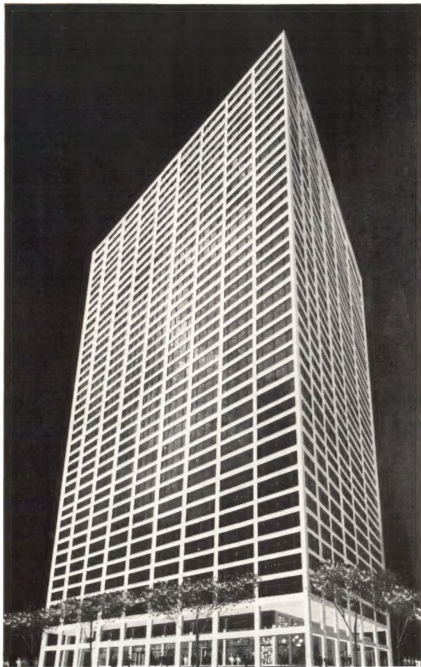
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LETTERS

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(MRS.) ARLINE SILVERMAN
Framingham, Mass.

Breach of Trust?

Sir / At a time when medical and hospital costs are becoming outrageously high, it is especially apropos to heed the criticisms that Dr. John Knowles [June 12] has leveled at the medical profession.

The essence of the Hippocratic oath is its recognition that doctors are bound by ethical laws. The promotion of the selfish goals of a physician or medical association at the expense of the quality of health care available to the American populace is a reprehensible breach of the trust and confidence that Americans for too many years have unquestioningly vested in the medical profession.

GREGORY KERWIN
Tower City, Pa.

Sir / Dr. John Knowles is an acknowledged expert in pulmonary medicine and hospital administration. Regardless of this fact, his charge that 30% to 40% of American physicians are "making a killing" in practice is a cheap shot, one that is amenable neither to proof nor to refutation, and is in the worst sense inflammatory rhetoric. Statements of this kind will only polarize people; they confuse the patient, anger the practicing physician and, most important, offer no smooth avenues to the alleviation of health problems.

Nor, for that matter, will the censure of Dr. Knowles by the Massachusetts Medical Society, whom he refers to as "jerks," serve a worthwhile purpose. If we are to im-

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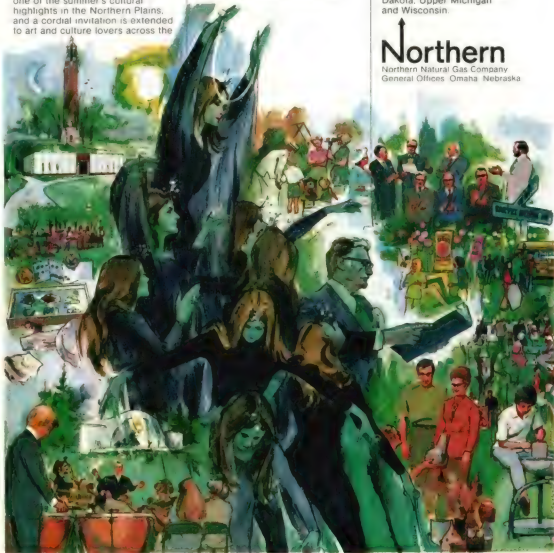
You would like it in the Northern Plains: Brookings, South Dakota.

Brookings' Pioneer Park is bustling with excitement as talented artists, musicians, dancers, actors and actresses display their skills in the Annual Brookings Summer Festival. Meanwhile, the citizens of Brookings are busy displaying lovely zinnias, the symbol for the festival, which colorfully decorate the town's shaded streets, homes and quaint shops. The Brookings Summer Festival promises to be one of the summer's cultural highlights in the Northern Plains, and a cordial invitation is extended to art and culture lovers across the

country. Of course, the interest in art and culture is nothing new to the people of Brookings. It's as well established as their reputation for being industrious, talented in their work, and proud of a job well done. In addition to a skilled labor force, Brookings offers excellent transportation facilities and ample resources for its diversified industries. Helping Brookings meet its energy needs is natural gas,

pipled to the city by Northern Natural Gas Company and distributed by Northwestern Public Service Company. Northern and its subsidiaries also extract, transport and sell liquefied petroleum gas and natural gasoline, and produce and sell petrochemicals and related products. Northern Natural Gas Company also pipes gas to local companies in Iowa, Illinois, Kansas, Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota, Upper Michigan and Wisconsin.

Northern
Northern Natural Gas Company
General Offices Omaha Nebraska







How many trips will you make this year?
Alone.

How often will you go back to your
hotel at five? Alone.

How often will you have a late dinner?
Alone.

How many times will you call home?
To talk to your wife. And to see how the
kids are.

How long ago did you tell the family:
"We're all going to go—someday."?
To New York, to Hawaii, to Disneyland
or to see the folks.

Do you know what? You're not alone.
Thousands of businessmen have the same
dream.

"Someday on a 747."

"Someday we'll all sit together and watch
the movie on the plane."

"Someday we'll all have steak and lobster
and laugh at 'coffee, tea or milk'."

"Someday . . ."

Is this year your family's someday?
After all, next year is a lot of lonely
flights away.

BOEING 747



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LETTERS

prove health care in this country, we must first stop vindictive insinuations and distrust on both sides.

JOHN C. BAGWELL, M.D.
Dallas

To the Rescue

Sir / A correction on "Piping Hot" [June 12], which said that Cary Grant, Victor McLaglen and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. were marching to the rescue at the end of *Gunga Din*. As any bull could tell you, they themselves had to be rescued after being taken captive. The pipers were terrific.

DAVID STEINMAN, M.D.
Scarsdale, N.Y.

Demise of Freedom?

Sir / Escalation of postal rates for newspapers and magazines [June 19] is a step toward the demise of freedom of the press. Political freedom becomes meaningless when restricted by economic controls.

At a time when distortion and secrecy have become hallmarks of Government policy, it is imperative that the free exchange of ideas be unhampered.

JOSEPH E. MARTIN
Wayzata, Minn.

Sir / TIME's Essay strongly suggests that "second-class rates are . . . a subsidy for the readers, not the magazines." Unfortunately, the Essay dealt with only 40% of the issue. The U.S. Postal Service is presently subsidizing not only 40% "information and intelligence" but also 60% advertisements.

PAUL C. AVALLO
San Diego

Sir / I think the big thing that you could do is to pressure Congress or whomever to stop trying to make the Post Office a paying proposition. If we are to be a service organization, then why is there so much concern about running in the black?

No other Government agency makes money. Why should the Post Office?

JACK BAUER
Postal Clerk
Upland, Calif.

Sir / There is no reason for having the Government in the postal business. Presently, the independent Postal System of America is rapidly and economically delivering third-class ("junk") mail in many cities. Free-enterprising businessmen can do the job faster, more accurately and cheaper.

DAVID MICHAEL MYERS
La Plata, Md.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

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She Needs Your Love

Little Mie-Wen in Formosa already knows many things . . . the gnawing of hunger . . . the shivering of fear . . . the misery of being unwanted.

But she has never known love. Her mother died when she was born. Her father was poor—and didn't want a girl child. So Mie-Wen has spent her baby years without the affection and security every child craves.

Your love can give Mie-Wen, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only \$12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the entire amount will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk



supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Mie-Wen and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Mexico and Philippines. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verent J. Mills
CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay \$12 a month.

I enclose my first payment of \$_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give \$_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

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One thing we would like to tell you is that in addition to the superior performance characteristics of a radial tire, our tires also offer substantially greater protection against disabling cuts and punctures than fabric-belted tires, because the belts under the tread are made of steel wire.

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How the fourteen-day trial works.

Drive into a participating Uniroyal Zeta dealer. He'll take your old tires off and mount 4 steel-belted radials on your car.

You then pay the dealer. He'll put your name on your old tires and keep them in storage for you.

And if you can't feel an enormous difference in their over-all performance after driving around on them for 14 days, bring them back and the dealer will remount and balance your old tires at no charge and give you your money back.

You see, we want our tires to do the talking.



Offer expires August 12, 1972.



AMERICAN NOTES

Of Politics and Change

Do elections change society? The idea that they do is the very foundation of Senator George McGovern's campaign against Richard Nixon. But the notion is chimerical, according to Journalist Garry Wills, author of *Nixon on Agonistes*; elections merely ratify social change, he insists, they do not create it. In the current issue of the *Center* magazine, Wills observes: "Cultural change is supposed to come about through our democratic political system. That is a lot of nonsense. Insofar as changes occur, they occur between elections . . . when a lot of people take stands on issues and when politicians then find they can introduce some of them into legislative action. Then the politicians get a retrospective vote of approval (as Roosevelt did in 1936) or disapproval (as Johnson did in 1968)."

Says Wills: "The way to change things is to work outside the Government." Wills argues that "people who start out as 'freaks' generate change—Martin Luther King starting the bus boycotts, the teachers and students who began the first antiwar teach-ins on Viet Nam, the first woman suffragettes." The most conspicuous contemporary example: Ralph Nader. "What is so good about Nader is that he does not run for political office," says Wills. "This country would have a lot more Ralph Naders if we did not constantly drum into people's heads that the most useful thing they can do for their country is be elected its President."

BECKY PATROLLING ZOO GROUNDS



Fire-Engine Yellow

It may well be difficult to picture a black and white Dalmatian perched atop a screaming fire engine of bright lime yellow, but that peculiar color combination is beginning to appear in fire departments round the nation. Thanks to extensive research by such men as Dr. Stephen Solomon, an optometrist and a member of the Port Jervis, N.Y., volunteer fire department, more and more fire chiefs have been made aware of a stark physiological fact: people are red-blind at night. Says Dr. Solomon, who has published a number of articles on color research: "The color red is one of the least visible colors and rates next to black for getting attention."

Fire chiefs have seen the consequences of this principle. Chief Bernie Koeppen of Wheeling, Ill., has changed to lime yellow, even for the department's ambulance. "In accident after accident involving red wagons," he notes, "all you hear is, 'I didn't see it. I didn't see it.'" Adds Chief Ed Underwood of St. Charles, Mo.: "The majority of fire fighters killed or wounded catch it on their way to fires. Red is dead. Lime yellow is the coming color."

Fire engines have been red for so long (for no visible reason) that the switchover may create problems. Ted Haberman, manager of Pueblo West, Colo., points out that automobile drivers are accustomed to red as the danger color, and that since many Americans ride in air-conditioned cars with the windows rolled up, they may not hear the siren from approaching, unfamiliar lime yellow wagons. Simple tradition may also militate against a wholesale switch from red. But as Dr. Solomon accurately observes: "Firemen have one tradition that is stronger, and that is to stay alive."

Lion in Wait

Like many others, the Children's Zoo in Des Moines has had a serious vandalism problem. There is no money to hire a night watchman, and trespassers have broken in to cut off a cougar's ear, steal a trained hawk and release penned deer. Director Robert Elgin finally worked out an ingenious way to police the grounds at no cost: let Becky do it. Becky is a 180-lb. lioness.

The idea is not so sanguinary as it sounds. Becky has been trained as a "wrestling lion"; she neither bites nor uses her claws. Her parents were used some years back to protect the deer

compound. Becky will likely conduct her nocturnal patrols on a long leash. Elgin admits that she might be more effective if allowed to roam free. But that, he says, would scare the baby elephant.

Well, Thanks Anyway

While fertilizing a soybean field last week, Lowell Elliott happened upon an American Airlines bag containing \$500,000. The Peru, Ind., farmer had heard that authorities were looking for a skyjacker who had parachuted out of a Boeing 727, so he turned the money in to the FBI.

Airline officials got their money back shortly before the authorities nabbed the skyjacker. In gratitude to Farmer Elliott, American offered him and his wife a trip to Hawaii or whatever distant paradise piqued their fancy. Though he is demonstrably honest, Elliott, 61, also drives a hard prairie bargain. He did not much feel like a trip, he said, and anyway his wife will not fly a crop-dusting plane to the next county, much less a 747 to Honolulu. Elliott told American officials: "I'd like to get the cash reward."

Done, said American, and they sent round Frank Bodwell, their regional sales manager for that area, with a check for \$10,000. Said Elliott: "I don't think I'll take it today." He indicated that he might accept 5% of the ransom money, "but 10% would be better." The bewildered Bodwell returned to consult his superiors, leaving Elliott to sit a spell on his back porch. And if the offer is not renewed? Says Elliott: "Well, I guess I'm out of luck then, ain't I?"

INDIANA FARMER LOWELL ELLIOTT





MUSKIE AT SENATE HEARING



HUMPHREY VISITING WALLACE IN HOSPITAL



McGOVERN PONDERING AT HOME

DEMOCRATS

A Setback for McGovern

"I think I have come to the point now where I have earned the nomination. And it is a bunch of old established politicians gang up to prevent me from getting the nomination because I didn't come to them for help—just a negative, spiteful movement that subverts the democratic process—if I feel that has happened, then I will not let them get away with it. There's been so much hard work and emotion poured into this campaign by so many thousands of people, it would be such an infuriating, disillusioning experience for them all, that I would repudiate the whole process. I would run as an independent or support somebody else on an independent ticket. So if I'm denied the nomination by an illegitimate power play, that nomination will not be worth anything to the person who gets it."

THUS, in an interview in the current *LIFE* granted shortly before his campaign struck its first serious snag, George McGovern peered ahead somewhat apocalyptically at the difficulties he sensed might face him along the road to Miami Beach. Then last week the Democratic Party's Credentials Committee voted to deprive McGovern of 151 of the 271 delegates he had captured in California's winner-take-all primary last month. Instead of having a virtually unbeatable first-ballot arsenal, the South Dakotan suddenly had his delegate strength pared, at least for the present, down to well below 1,300—far short of the 1,509 needed for nomination. Suddenly Hubert Humphrey was politically alive again. So, for that matter, were Edmund Muskie and any number of dark horses. What had promised to be a ritual endorsement next week at Miami Beach now loomed as a bitter and potentially fratricidal collision of McGovern insurgents and party regulars. The clash could cause a party schism that could destroy the Democrats' chances for victory against Richard Nixon in November.

When McGovern heard the news last week, he stormed out of a Senate cloakroom exhaling an uncharacteristic fire. He repeated the threat: "It's an incredible, rotten, stinking political steal. I'm not going to support anybody who is elected by crooked and unethical procedures. I wouldn't have any part of a convention that would sustain this kind of shabby back-room dealing." Later, when his mood had cooled and he realized that his fight had just begun, McGovern seemed to change his mind. "I don't want to make any threats," he said. "If the Democratic nominee is nominated according to the rules, in a way I think is fair and honorable, I'll support him." Even so, the credentials challenge mounted by Humphrey and other anti-McGovern forces emerged as the potentially critical event of the election year. It seemed the one circumstance that could stop McGovern and thus undo the almost surrealist effective crusade he has waged since the wreckage of Chicago in 1968.

Spoilsport. The credentials fight had been an ironic affair. The moral thrust of the reforms by which McGovern ascended was to guarantee just representation for all factions of the party. California election law would seem to violate the spirit of those reforms. In fact, McGovern, as original chairman of the party reform commission, had opposed the winner-take-all idea, but he was outvoted. Days before the primary, Humphrey said that he would not challenge it if he should lose. "They've decided what they want to do here," he told CBS-TV's Walter Cronkite, "and if you're going to challenge it, you should challenge it before it looks like you might have a tough time of it. I don't believe in that kind of politics." Only a "spoilsport," he said, would make such a challenge.

Yet it was just that kind of politics that Humphrey practiced last week when it seemed his last chance of staying in the race. Asked if he had become

a spoilsport, he conceded: "I guess you'd have to say I have." McGovern took the California primary with 43.46% of the vote—thus winning all 271 delegates—while Humphrey ran second with 38.55%. When the 150-member Democratic Credentials Committee assembled in Washington's Sheraton-Park Hotel to consider the challenge, the Humphrey delegates banded together with Wallace and Muskie forces in a stop-McGovern coalition that upheld the challenge by a vote of 72-66.

It was the old politics of sheer political power: changing the rules after the game had been played. Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota and the District of Columbia work by the winner-take-all principle; yet there were no challenges to those primary votes on that basis. The McGovern forces, previously adept at such games of muscle, found themselves simply overpowered.

The event left them in a bitter mood. Earlier in the week, McGovern had announced euphorically that a new bloc of 96 black delegates had "put us over the top" by assuring him of 1,510 convention votes. As it turned out, many of the new votes had been counted twice, and the total amounted to somewhere between 55 and 60. After the California decision, McGovern forces on the Credentials Committee rammed through a successful challenge unseating Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley and 58 other uncommitted delegates. McGovern stands to get 41 of those delegates, but he hardly seemed eager for such a victory, for it may earn him Da-



McGOVERN & CARTER IN ATLANTA
Populism for the new South.

ley's hostility not only at the convention but also in the general election should McGovern be nominated. Daley's Illinois will be a crucial state in November. In any case, Daley will reopen the question on the convention floor, promising still another battle.

The question now is whether McGovern has the delegate strength to overturn the Credentials Committee's California decision once it reaches the floor of the convention. Normally, a challenged delegation is not permitted to vote on the question of its credentials. But the 120 California delegates given McGovern under the committee's ruling may be permitted to vote with him on the credentials fight. If they do, McGovern's managers figure he would have 1,333 delegates out of the 1,433 he would need to get a victory on the

credentials question. He might also pick up some sympathetic delegates who simply think he was badly treated. In addition, there are 87 delegates, formally pledged to Wallace for the first ballot, who have said that they would vote for McGovern later; if those delegates went with McGovern on the credentials battle, then he would need to collect only 13 more to win back all of his original 271 California delegates. That would still leave him short of a majority for nomination. But the convention must still decide whether McGovern's 120 California delegates can vote on the credentials questions.

Not the least irony of the current brawl is that McGovern had been working tirelessly to promote party unity as he looked ahead to the fall campaign. Early last week he embarked on a five-state Southern tour to try to reassure Democratic regulars there—including Georgia's Governor Jimmy Carter—who fear that a McGovern nomination would mean abandoning the region to Richard Nixon.

Meantime, as the Democratic Platform Committee met in Washington, the McGovern forces gave a remarkable display of coolness and conciliation. With some McGovernites pushing for abortion on demand, for legalized marijuana, for homosexual rights and other controversial stands in the platform, a minor civil war seemed certain to erupt. But the McGovern forces' mood was summed up by one feminist after she declined to support a proposed abortion plank: "Listen, we've kept McGovern aloft so far. We'd be stupid to sink him now." The professionals were impressed. On issue after issue, the insurgents maintained enough flexibility to avoid divisive bloodletting.

All of the carefully wrought conciliation achieved over the platform threatened to disintegrate after the Cre-

denials Committee seemed to reopen the nomination battle. "We got Chicagoed," fumed McGovern Press Secretary Kirby Jones. "There's not going to be any more of this party unity stuff." A Humphrey agent said simply: "We smell blood." Humphrey, who now has 391 delegates and would have 497 if allowed to keep his part of the California total, pronounced his chances "markedly improved" and told reporters: "Just file away those political obituaries for a few days, fellas." Muskie's campaign manager declared his man "back in the race, very strong."

Dark Horse. For the present, all the candidates will wait for the fate of the California delegation to be decided on the convention floor. If McGovern cannot make it on the first ballot, there is talk that the anti-McGovern forces—including not only outright Humphrey, Wallace and Muskie backers but also Governors, big labor bosses, Senators and Congressmen—may be expected to hold firm. Then, according to one scenario, McGovern's strength may dissipate on subsequent ballots, with none of the major contenders able to push over 1,509. That would lead, perhaps, to a cry for Edward Kennedy. Or perhaps to some dark horse who might somehow be acceptable to both the McGovern insurgents and the regulars.

But even if McGovern does succeed in capturing the nomination, Miami may still leave some bitter wounds. Some of those wounds should be assuaged if McGovern can make Ted Kennedy his vice-presidential candidate. But though McGovern remains the probable choice, it will not be the walk in the sun that all his followers had expected. The battle will be complicated by the fact that more than once George McGovern has threatened to lead his armies straight out of the Democratic Party.

McGovern on McGovern

PRESIDENTIAL. Candidate George McGovern began his interview with LIFE Staff Writer Richard Meryman by describing a talk he had with Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley shortly after the 1968 election. Daley told McGovern: "Well, you know the candidate in '72 is probably going to be either young Kennedy or you." That comment, McGovern said, "made a big impression on me—and I believe it still thinks that." Soon after his talk with Daley, McGovern started seeking his party's nomination, although he thought Kennedy would have a better chance for the prize. "But I doubted, all things considered, that he'd run," McGovern added.

During the five hours of interviews, McGovern gave some revealing glimpses—some poignant, some wry. He reminisced about his early years in South Dakota towns: "There are the big old cottonwood trees, the big American elms, the little roadways in and out of town that have always been there." Not all of McGovern's Dakota remembrances were pleasant, however. He recalled that a gym teacher's accusation of physical cowardice "cut me more than anything anybody has ever said to me." Partly to disprove the teacher, said Mc-

Govern, he volunteered for training as a bomber pilot in World War II, though he was "terrified of the air."

Despite his current antiwar stand, McGovern said that during World War II he had few emotional conflicts about dropping bombs on cities. "We were caught in the struggle to pulverize the Nazi war machine," he said. "I felt the United States was totally right in the war, and that experience has not affected my stand on Viet Nam very much."

McGovern said that since starting his climb to political prominence he has often had to hold his tongue when confronted with irrational arguments or just plain rudeness. "If there is one thing I cannot tolerate, it is rudeness," he said emphatically, and described an incident that had angered him: "Well, early in the campaign a commercial flight was held for me about ten minutes. When I boarded, I went down one side and up the other apologizing to the passengers for detaining them. The last person was this old biddy. When I stopped by her, she said, 'Get out of here.' And I said, 'Well, I just wanted to tell you I was sorry that I delayed the plane.' She said, 'Well, you're a terrible person.' And I leaned over and said very quietly, 'Well, you're the biggest horse's ass I've met in the campaign.' I had a great feeling of elation. It was such a good, clean shot."



NIXON AT PRESS CONFERENCE



FORMER MANAGER MITCHELL

WASHINGTON CAMPAIGN CENTER

Advantage to the Incumbent

THE Democrats' disarray only adds to the self-confidence bordering on serenity that has overtaken the Republican Party in recent months. Quite aside from the Democrats' problems—the possibility of a McGovern nomination, which the G.O.P. would welcome, or a Democratic schism, which would be at least equally advantageous to the Republicans—the Nixon forces can savor all of the unique advantages of incumbency.

Against the potentially fractured Democrats, the Republicans will be united behind a President whose approval rating in the Gallup poll is now up to 60%, just short of a two-year high. Arthur Bremer's pistol seems to have ended or seriously diminished the threat from the right of a third-party George Wallace candidacy. But above all, Nixon has the presidential power and political freedom to zig and zag. In his press conference last week, for example, the President announced that the Paris peace talks will resume next week—during the Democratic Convention. Thus the prospect of negotiations in the midst of the campaign may mute the antiwar attacks of the Democrats, who would not want to invite charges of undermining a possible peace settlement (see following story).

Nixon's presidential prerogatives allow him to call press conferences whenever he chooses; last week's was the first on television in 13 months. A President, as Nixon noted, does not really need the press, but he can, in effect, switch the media on and off as he chooses. The candidate sitting in the White House can run a statesman's campaign above the battle—which is precisely what Richard Nixon intends to do.

In the meantime, dozens of the President's surrogates round the nation will be conducting a somewhat earlier campaign. Of all the possible Demo-

cratic nominees, the Republicans regard George McGovern as the most vulnerable. Says White House Political Adviser Harry Dent: "Some people around here are about to wee-wee in their pants waiting for him to get the nomination." If the South Dakotan succeeds, the President's outriders will portray McGovern as a dangerous radical bent on emasculating the Pentagon and the free-enterprise system, legalizing marijuana and abortion, abandoning U.S. commitments in Viet Nam and around the world.

Among other things, the Republicans will quote Hubert Humphrey's sulfurous attacks on McGovern during the recent California campaign. If McGovern is too radical for Humphrey, they will say... And leave the sentence dangling. If Humphrey himself should get the nomination, the Republicans are confident that they could take him nearly as easily. The White House regards Humphrey as a used-up politician who would repel the young, probably trigger a splinter party of the left and be vulnerable because of his old associations with the Johnson Administration, which the Republicans would probably refer to as "the Humphrey-Johnson Administration."

Debts. While complacent, the Republicans are sufficiently professional—and well heeled—to put together a formidable organization. Former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans roamed the nation several months ago, pointing out to businessmen that their anonymity would be guaranteed if they contributed to the Nixon campaign before the law requiring disclosure took effect on April 7. The money was channeled into numerous dummy committees set up in a Washington bank. On May 31, the Nixon committee had \$9,845,000 on hand; the Democrats reported assets of \$33,526 and debts of

\$9.3 million left over from the 1968 campaign. They hope to wipe out some of the debt with a convention-eve telethon (see SHOW BUSINESS). This year the Republicans will spend an estimated \$30 million to \$40 million; the Democrats hope that they will have \$20 million for the campaign. Many businessmen, both Democrats and Republicans, have been sufficiently frightened by McGovern to swell the G.O.P. pot.

The President's 230-man campaign committee was stunned to learn last week that their boss, former Attorney General John Mitchell, was stepping down from his \$60,000-a-year post "for personal reasons." His wife, Martha, recently gave him "an ultimatum" to abandon politics (see PEOPLE). Most observers felt that Mitchell would unofficially remain Nixon's top political adviser. To replace Mitchell as campaign manager Nixon named Clark MacGregor, a former Minnesota Congressman who has served for the past two years as the President's top Congressional lobbyist.

While the Republicans put their money into an advertising campaign in 1968, the emphasis this year is on grassroots organization—a lesson the G.O.P. is borrowing from McGovern's primary operations. The Republicans are organizing down to the precinct level in all but five states—Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, all taken for granted, and liberal Massachusetts, written off.

The key, as Republicans formulate their strategy, will be the Southern whites, the blue-collar Catholic ethnics, the Jews. The fondest Republican hope is that this year the old Democratic coalition assembled by Franklin Roosevelt will disintegrate so badly that the G.O.P. can win the majority status it has dreamed of for decades: a union of Archie Bunker, Flem Snopes and Stanley Kowalski. Says White House Speechwriter Patrick Buchanan: "We're trying to turn the Republican

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Party into a working-class, middle-class majority." Among the Democratic defectors the Republicans hope to find the urban Jews. If McGovern is nominated, Nixon's men will bear down on his previous judgments on Israel: a 1970 call for Israel to give up much of its conquered territory, for example, and a 1971 suggestion that Jerusalem be made an international city.

The Republicans are not ignoring or even writing off the blacks, the Chicanos or the other minorities. Last month almost 2,500 blacks gathered in Washington for a \$100-a-plate Republican fund-raising dinner, an event that would have seemed improbable not long before. Said Floyd McKissick, former director of CORE: "I don't believe you can get from the Democratic Party what you can get from the Republican Party." Republican literature is already pointing out to blacks that, among other things, the Nixon Administration has 1) doubled federal grants to primarily black colleges, 2) tripled federal business loans to blacks and 3) increased the funds for civil rights enforcement from \$75 million to \$602 million. For all that, the Republicans will be content if their share of the black vote rises from 12% in 1968 to 20% this year.

What might trouble the Republican serenity? First, there is a credibility gap, an atmosphere of taint that reminds some observers of the last years of the Truman Administration. The cloud of ITT is in the air. So is the Republican refusal to disclose the names of those who poured \$10 million, quite legally, into the G.O.P. war chest. The bugging raid on the Democratic National Committee headquarters fosters a nagging suspicion.

No like. The economy is also less than wholesome, and unemployment remains comparatively high. The war continues to be a divisive question, as it has been for years, and it is overlaid with a deep popular cynicism that must contaminate any President who touches it. As Nixon continues the bombing of the North and shifts troops into Thailand to make good his withdrawal claims, as Nguyen Van Thieu claims dictatorial powers (see *TIT WORLD*), it may be that the President is already overdrawn his accounts. An agreement in Paris, of course, could dissolve the issue before November.

Finally, there is the matter of Nixon's own personality. As one White House aide admits, "We don't have an Eisenhower around here any more." The President, as he knows despite his reading in the polls, cannot bank very much on sheer personal appeal. But neither can George McGovern—if McGovern is the nominee. If the South Dakotan loses next week in Miami Beach, with the attendant possibility that his insurgents will bolt the party or hopelessly divide it, then the Republicans will still have good cause—perhaps even better cause—to face November with confidence.

THE WAR

Giving and Getting

Election year or not, President Nixon has every reason to do all he can to end the wearisome Viet Nam War and bring American troops home. From the White House last week came a pair of announcements toward that end: In July and August, the U.S. will withdraw another 10,000 men from Viet Nam, bringing the total remaining down to 39,000 by Sept. 1. In addition, no more draftees will be sent to Viet Nam, although those now there or in the pipeline must serve out their time. What the Administration did not announce is that since the beginning of the North Vietnamese spring offensive, U.S. forces in and near Southeast Asia have actually increased by an estimated 55,000 men, more than counterbalancing the 40,000 Americans who have been shipped Stateside in that time.

The quiet American buildup in Vietnamese waters (from 18,000 men to 42,000), in Thailand (from 32,000 to 45,000) and along the supply lines toward Saigon (about 15,000 in Japan, the Philippines, Guam and Okinawa) reflects the changing U.S. role in Viet Nam. By September, only about 1,000 U.S. troops will be in ground-combat roles, and their task will be solely to protect American installations supplying South Vietnamese armed forces. The main thrust of the present American effort is in bombing, though Nixon was careful to note at his press conference last week that South Viet Nam's air force is now flying 40% of its tactical air sorties over the South. Even so, Nixon insisted that there would be no leap in bombing North Viet Nam or in mining its harbors without a settlement of the war. Speaking of his dealing with Communist leaders, he said: "I find that making a bargain with

them is not easy. You get something from them only when you have something they want to get from you."

Balancing his hard line, however, was his press-conference report that Hanoi had agreed without conditions to resume the Paris peace talks on July 13. The U.S. assumption, he said, was that "the North Vietnamese are prepared to negotiate in a constructive and serious way. We will be prepared to negotiate in that way. If these negotiations go forward in a serious and constructive way, this war can be ended, and it can be ended well before Jan. 20"—the last day of Nixon's present term. There were reports in Washington, however, that Hanoi's Politburo had recently wound up two weeks of intensive meetings and that there was no major change in North Viet Nam's position. Coming as the meetings did in the wake of the Moscow summit, as well as Henry Kissinger's recent Peking journey, there was some speculation that Hanoi may now feel fresh psychological pressures. But high Washington officials generally agree that no serious negotiating in Paris will begin until after the November elections, perhaps because the North Vietnamese feel that an incoming Democratic President would be more flexible on the issues.

Significant North Vietnamese concessions, then or now, will probably be hard to come by. The latest installments of the Pentagon papers, passed on to the Washington *Past* last week by Jack Anderson, confirm that Hanoi has all along been singlemindedly intent on winning guarantees that will enable it to control South Viet Nam after the fighting ends. The U.S. just as firmly insisted that it will not simply hand over South Viet Nam to the North. On that all-important point, neither the U.S. nor South Viet Nam seems likely to give any ground at all.



DRAFTEES AFTER ANNOUNCEMENT THAT ONLY VOLUNTEERS WILL BE SENT
Reflections of a changing role in Viet Nam.

DEFENSE

Second Thoughts on SALT I

IN Pentagonese, it would be described as "first strike" strategy. For weeks the Administration heavyweights have been out all over Washington working to head off a possibly acrimonious debate over the two agreements that Richard Nixon brought home from Moscow a month ago. They are a treaty sharply limiting defensive anti-ballistic missile sites and an agreement to freeze offensive missiles at roughly current levels for the next five years. National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger has endorsed them as "without precedent in the nuclear age, indeed in all relevant modern history."

Skeptical. Secretary of State William Rogers and Defense Secretary Melvin Laird have been carrying the colors to Capitol Hill, where the White House hopes to get an increasingly skeptical Congress to approve the agreements by handsome margins.* Lately, Nixon himself has taken an active role in the lobbying. The President, who last met with newsmen way back in March, called two White House press conferences in the past two weeks. There was no doubt about what was on his mind. Nixon defended the Moscow accords as a "breakthrough." He insisted that he would not have signed them if he were not convinced that they are "in the interests of the U.S."

That, as Nixon is well aware, is the focus of a policy debate that could become as bitter as the Safeguard anti-ballistic missile flap of 1968-69. The present strategic-arms-limitation accords, which are known collectively as SALT I, are intended to be merely a first stage. They are supposed to clear the way for SALT II, a comprehensive agreement that may some day restrain, and perhaps even reduce the full range of strategic weapons maintained by the U.S. and the Soviet Union. The SALT II talks are not even scheduled to begin until October, and they could go on for years—or collapse overnight. Until the main event takes place, however, SALT I will serve to rile both hawks and doves—and cast doubt on whether it can indeed bring the arms race under control.

Like arms policy itself, the budding SALT I controversy is complex and multifaceted. One complaint, mainly from liberals, is that while Nixon is hailing SALT, his Defense Secretary is pounding the corridors of Congress in search of \$1.3 billion to pursue development work on costly new weapons systems, including the B-1 bomber and the Trident missile submarine.

At his press conference last week, Nixon pointedly linked the new pro-

grams to his dealing with the Soviets on SALT. The U.S. would go ahead with the programs, Nixon said, because "Mr. Brezhnev made it very clear that he intended to go forward" with a Soviet weapons program. Congress was not of a mind to get in the President's way. The House overwhelmingly voted a \$21.3 billion military-appropriations bill that included funds for work on the B-1 and the Trident. At week's end the Senate Armed Services Committee passed a similar bill.

The controversy has largely skirted the ABM treaty, under which the U.S. and the Soviet Union have agreed to deploy only token missile defenses at just two locations in each country, with 100 missiles and launchers at each site. To be sure, congressional doves were disappointed that ABM systems were not outlawed altogether; reflecting that disappointment, the Senate Armed Services Committee last week did not grant an Administration request for authorization of a second U.S. ABM complex near Washington, D.C. Besides avoiding a horrendously costly new turn in the arms race, the ABM treaty is cheered by defense experts for the rather ghastly reason that it leaves the U.S. and Soviet populations both openly exposed to attack—and thus maintains the postwar nuclear balance of terror.

The experts are considerably less sanguine about the agreement to freeze offensive-missile stocks for the next five years. The agreement aims to hold both sides to the numbers of ICBMs and submarine-launched missiles that existed or were under construction as of July 1. It is by no means a comprehensive freeze; it does not block the development of bombers, for instance, and it even permits extensive "improvements" to existing ICBMs, including bigger warheads and more powerful boosters.

Essentially, the freeze is an interim effort to impose at least some restraint on the headlong Soviet expansion of ICBM forces. In recent years, while the U.S. concentrated on modifying existing missiles rather than building new ones, the Soviets have been adding more than 200 land- and 100 sea-based missiles to their capability every year. By now the Soviets have a 3-to-2 lead in ICBMs, and, under the terms of the freeze, they could have a 40% edge in missile-launching submarines; those margins make conservatives fret that the offensive-missile agreement could be more of a liability than an asset for the U.S.



LAIRD TESTIFYING ON SALT
Throw weight and megatons.

Critics of the plan are particularly troubled by two prospects:

THE U.S. COULD "LOSE." The conservative argument against SALT I is that the Administration was so eager to reach some sort of arms agreement in Moscow that it might have unwittingly bargained away U.S. "strategic sufficiency"—Nixon's term for mutual deterrence. Writing in *William F. Buckley Jr.'s National Review*, Donald G. Brennan of the Hudson Institute argues bluntly that SALT I is "profoundly unwise," given the Soviet Union's lopsided numerical superiority in ICBMs.

Under the terms of the freeze, the U.S. will be allowed to keep its 1,054 land-based ICBMs, plus another 710 missiles aboard 44 submarines. The Russians, meanwhile, are permitted 1,618 land-based ICBMs and another 950 missiles aboard the 62 submarines they are allowed under the agreement. (They now have 42 in existence or under construction.) The U.S. decision in the mid-1960s to perfect MIRV (multiple independently targetable re-entry vehicle) warheads—still in the development stage in the Soviet Union—means that the U.S. has the edge in numbers of warheads. With as many as three MIRVed warheads packed atop each Minuteman III ICBM and ten to 14 on each Poseidon, the U.S. can deliver 5,700 separate warheads, v. 2,500 for the Soviet Union. But Brennan and other conservatives worry that the Soviets derive special advantages from superiority in numbers of missiles and sheer "throw weight," i.e. total payload, where the Soviets have a 400% advantage over the U.S. With that kind of numerical su-

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priority, the conservative argument goes, a crisis like the Cuban missile confrontation might not play out nearly so favorably another time.

As Brennan sees it, the U.S. lag in numbers poses more tangible problems. If the Soviets could perfect their own MIRVs, they could mate them to their own much bigger boosters and quickly outstrip the U.S. in the warhead race. In theory, the huge new Soviet SS-9 missiles could be rigged to carry as many as 40 MIRVed warheads. Again in theory, that would give the Soviet force of about 300 SS-9s something like two or three times the punch power of the entire 1,000-missile Minuteman force.

Other analysts argue persuasively that it is useless to be as concerned about numbers as the conservatives are, simply because numbers do not mean much any more. "There is no such thing as superiority," says Adam Yarmolinsky, former Defense Department analyst. "Throw weight, megatonnage, boosters, who cares? What is relevant is that both sides now have enough deliverable damage-inflicting capacity." In this view, even the diplomatic impact of the size of a nuclear deterrent is open to question. Yarmolinsky argues that Cuba was not so much a lesson in the necessity of nuclear superiority as in non-nuclear superiority. It was a conventional naval quarantine, after all, that forced Khrushchev and Castro to back down.

THE ARMS RACE GOES ON. As even the Administration concedes, SALT I will not bring an end to the great postwar arms race. Instead, it will change the emphasis from quantity to quality and sophistication. The competition is already under way on both sides. In Moscow last May, Soviet officials made it plain to their American guests that they fully intend to go forward in categories not limited by the agreements, and few experts doubt that they can develop a full MIRV capability before the freeze runs out. By then, the Administration hopes to have a SALT II agreement that would include a ceiling on MIRVs. What if the Soviets begin to waffle on SALT II later on? The U.S. can then threaten to abandon its SALT I agreements.

For now, the U.S. is applying pressure on the Soviets mainly through a couple of bargaining chips for SALT II: the B-1 and the Trident submarine. Experts agree that neither weapon is an immediate military necessity; for example, the Air Force's durable fleet of 527 B-52 bombers, which the B-1 would replace, is expected to remain effective into the 1980s. SALT I thus lends support to a recent Brookings Institution forecast that the first \$100 billion U.S. defense budget could arrive in 1977.

Despite its shortcomings, SALT I is so far a fairly clear plus. Though a great deal depends on how the Soviets behave, the U.S. does not appear to have lost anything of substance, at least for now. It has, in fact, scored some important gains: a stop in the recent rapid Soviet offensive buildup, including a halt in the

production of the fearsome SS-9s and any later systems.

Even so, the net effect of the agreements may be, as Columnist I.F. Stone protests, merely to move the situation "from the super-crazy to the plain crazy." Yarmolinsky laments that it seems impossible to get back to the ideal situation "where, under the worst circumstances, some strategist in the Kremlin will turn to a colleague and say, 'But Ivan, if we go ahead with that plan they'll turn the Soviet Union into a large lake.'" Both sides already have the capability to carve out several large lakes. The massive commitment to offensive weapons is such that for the present each side must continually upgrade its deterrents lest the other gain a first-strike capability—the ability to strike so quickly and so powerfully as to wipe out any chance of a retaliatory attack.



NEW CLOTHES FOR EVACUEE

DISASTERS

In the Wake of Agnes

As the savage floodwaters summoned by tropical storm Agnes slowly subsided, the toll in lives, refugees and property damage made it clear that the storm almost certainly added up to one of the worst natural disasters in U.S. history. At least 109 bodies had been found and rescue workers expected to find more in the rushing waters and mud-caked debris of southeast Florida and a five-state area (Maryland, Virginia, West Virginia, New York and Pennsylvania) of the East. At least 387,700 persons were evacuated in Agnes' corkscrew wake. Property damage was put at upwards of \$1.4 billion. A total of 131 counties and 25 cities were declared disaster areas.

Eight-Foot Wave. Hardest hit by far was Pennsylvania, where rampaging rivers slashed through dikes, destroying factories, homes, shops and theaters. In Wilkes-Barre, thousands of volunteer dike-builders worked frantically to stem the surging Susquehanna—to no avail. When the river burst the sandbagged levee, an eight-foot wave surged through Wilkes-Barre's central business district. "My God," a volunteer wept, "we just couldn't do it." Finally, the water receded, leaving a three-inch layer of sour-smelling muck on everything it touched.

Of major assistance was a makeshift radio network that stitched together the community. When Wilkes-Barre station WILK was knocked out by power failure, nearby FM station WYZZ took over round-the-clock broadcasting of emergency news, aided by WSCR of Scranton. Public service announcements alternated with appeals for news of missing persons, directions for physicians and instructions on where to send food, clothing, bedding and money for



FLOODED MANSION OF PENNSYLVANIA GOVERNOR SHAPP
Through dikes, factories, homes, shops and theaters.

If you smoke.

We're not telling you anything you don't know when we acknowledge that a controversy about smoking exists.

And since we're in the business of selling cigarettes, you obviously know where we stand.

If you don't smoke, we're not about to persuade you to start. But if you do, we'd like to persuade you to try a cigarette you'll like more than the one you're smoking now.

We mean Vantage, of course.

Vantage gives you flavor like a full-flavor cigarette. Without anywhere near the 'tar' and nicotine.

That's a simple statement of truth.

We don't want you to misunderstand us. Vantage is not the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you can buy.

It's simply the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll enjoy smoking.

We just don't see the point in putting out a low 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you won't smoke it.

If you agree with us, we think you'll enjoy Vantage.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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refugees. Adding to flood damage in the city was a series of fires that could be fought only by chemical-spraying helicopters; fire trucks could not reach the scene. Most buildings burned to the waterline. Perhaps the grisliest scene was at nearby Forty Fort, where flood waters churned up some 200 coffins. National Guardsmen were assigned to rebury the dead. "I can't stop vomiting," one Guardsman said. "I think I'm losing my mind." Said Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp: "Wilkes-Barre took the worst beating of any community in the state."

Help was quick to arrive. In Washington, the Office of Emergency Preparedness went into action on an unprecedented scale. "This is the biggest federal effort ever committed to a U.S. disaster," said Deputy Director Darrell Trent. At the time of the flood, OEP had only \$8.5 million in hand but was due to receive \$92.5 million July 1 for the coming fiscal year. Last week, President Nixon asked Congress for an additional emergency appropriation of \$100 million. The Senate responded by voting \$200 million, twice the amount Nixon requested. Said Trent: "We will be able to give everyone everything they're legally entitled to."

In all the battered areas, OEP is setting up "one stop" aid centers where victims will be able to get emergency loans for repairs to homes, shops and businesses. Food stamps and unemployment compensation were available to anyone put out of a job by the floods. State authorities joined the struggle to return flooded areas to normal, and there were estimates that by week's end, most public utilities would be back in operation and that water would be fit to drink. Relief supplies were arriving in such abundance that one Wilkes-Barre worker gazed at the tons of material and said: "It will take three months to sort this stuff, let alone get it to the victims." Little looting was reported—but one Pennsylvania thief fell out of his boat while looting and drowned.

CHICAGO

Cops Under Fire

It was strange and spooky and a reminder of Chicago's lurid past. Over a five-month period the bodies of six murder victims were found bobbing in the waters of the Chicago River and the Sanitary and Ship Canal. All were black. They had been efficiently executed in gangster fashion—shot to death and dumped into the murky waterways.

What gives the killings a doubly ominous significance is the fact that some Chicago policemen are under federal investigation for their possible connection with the crimes. Some of the victims were believed to be heroin wholesalers who may have been killed for refusing to pay bribes; others could have been

slain for stopping payoffs that put thousands of illicit dollars a month into police pockets.

Government informants said that some of the victims were evidently arrested by uniformed policemen and transported to their deaths in police department squad cars. Justice Department officials said that two of the victims were probably killed by mistake after they were pulled from cars owned by suspected narcotics dealers.

Last week there was a new bizarre twist: one of four policemen being questioned by his own department, Sergeant Stanley Robinson, 36, disappeared. An anonymous caller told police that a man fitting Robinson's description was kidnapped at gunpoint in the area where most of the murders were supposed to have taken place. There is some spec-



ROBINSON AFTER A POLICE RAID
Why was he missing?

ulation that he may have staged the kidnapping to throw police and federal investigators off his trail.

The possibility of its officers dabbling in murder, bribery and narcotics was only the latest of a series of troubles plaguing the Chicago police department. Despite its excesses at the 1968 Democratic National Convention, the department had until recently been considered a much improved force by most Chicagoans. The overall reforms within the department were primarily the work of two men, California Criminologist Orlando Wilson, who served as police superintendent from 1960 to 1967, and James Conlisk Jr., a career cop who worked his way up through the ranks to take over from Wilson. Under them, the department was transformed into one of the most efficient law-enforcement units in the country. But in recent weeks it has seen its men accused of killing people at a much greater rate than the police in the nation's three other largest cities. Lately, Chicago policemen have also been indicted for par-

ticipating in a shakedown operation and charged with brutality toward minority groups. The result has been a crisis in police morale and credibility. Predictably, a good many Chicagoans have lost faith in the department's ability to administer law and order.

Lost Lustre. The decline began late last year when FBI investigators discovered that some Chicago policemen were involved in a scheme to shake down tavern owners in the city's North West Side Austin police district. Nine policemen—including two lieutenants and a sergeant—and two former policemen were indicted. Four have been convicted. Fifteen additional policemen were suspended by Conlisk after they refused to talk to the grand jury about the shakedown operation. The scheme may have spread to other areas of the city; one high-ranking policeman quit his job when federal probes started looking into possible extortion by policemen in the North Side nightclub district.

The police are under fire on still another front. A coalition of mostly black grass-roots organizations, led by Democratic Congressman Ralph Metcalfe, has been waging an all-out campaign to end what it considers excessive police brutality. Their complaints were reinforced by a report issued by the Chicago Law Enforcement Study Group that showed Chicago police were involved in fatal shootings at a rate that is three times higher than in New York, Los Angeles and Detroit. Also, during a day-long hearing, a dozen witnesses, eleven blacks and one white, testified. Some of them told of their traumatic experiences; one man testified that he lost an eye after being hit by a police baton. The officer had been exonerated by the police internal affairs department.

Metcalfe and his followers have demanded that Conlisk disband the elite police task force unit, which they blame for much of the police brutality in black and Latin American neighborhoods. The group also called for an increase in the number of blacks in policymaking positions, the recruitment of more blacks and the across-the-board upgrading of blacks already on the force. To increase citizen control over police activities, the group has demanded that citizens' review boards be created for each of the city's 21 police districts.

Apparently hoping to renew some of the department's lost lustre, Marlin Johnson, a veteran of 29 years of law enforcement and a former FBI agent in charge of the Chicago office, was elected the new head of the city's police board. The five-member board will oversee the department's rules and regulations, pass on the annual police budget and review serious disciplinary infractions. Conlisk has already given a go-ahead to investigators from the Chicago Human Relations Commission and the Chicago Bar Association, who are now searching through police files for evidence that could support the brutality complaints.



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familiar combinations, gains a totally new stature under the tasteful influence of Galliano.

Next time you feel like astounding some friends with your advanced barmanship, get a bottle of Galliano and mix as fol-

lows before toasting:
3/4 oz. Liqueur Galliano
3/4 oz. gin
juice of 1 lemon
1 teaspoon sugar

Shake well and pour into tall glass over ice cubes. Fill with club soda.

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But the lions are real. The people are real. The Chevrolet Impala Custom Coupe is real. And there truly are places you can "safari" in your car right here in America.

It's wild.

The Lion Country Safari preserve in Florida is absolutely incredible. The lions roam loose. So do rhinos, giraffes, zebras. And those

lions have been known to climb right up on top of your car.

So go by Chevrolet, and you'll be able to relax and enjoy the whole thing.

Strong like Tarzan.

Our new Impalas are strong. They have two layers of steel in the roof not just one and a solid steel guard rail inside every door to make it practically rhino-proof.

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hood and rear deck lid, as well as a rugged steel cargo guard inside the trunk.

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SOUTH VIETNAMESE ATTACKING IN QUANG TRI

THE WORLD

SOUTH VIET NAM

Signs of Unease in the Palace

The South Vietnamese last week launched their first serious counter-offensive since Communist troops rolled into northern Quang Tri province three months ago. Some 5,000 marines and airborne troops—preceded by the heaviest naval and air bombardment of the war—were dispatched to Quang Tri province; some, in fact, were helicoptered to within four miles of Quang Tri city. The operation's immediate aim was to secure two districts as bases for future thrusts into the rest of the Communist-held territory.

For the time being, at least, the South Vietnamese—or more precisely, U.S. saturation bombing—seemed finally to have contained the Communist offensive. Embattled An Loc was still under siege, but in the north, the long-predicted push on Hue had not materialized. American intelligence analysts are now convinced that the attack was scheduled for June 9 but was canceled after the North Vietnamese command reviewed the condition of his four divisions in the area. The analysts believe that the U.S. bombing around Hue hurt the Communists so badly that it may take them a long while to recover.

Despite the evidence that the military threat was subsiding, there were some decided signs of unease emanating from the Presidential Palace in Saigon. They were primarily visible in President Nguyen Van Thieu's increasing use of—and demand for—arbitrary power. During the past 24 months, his government has ordered the arrest of thousands of "suspected Viet Cong sympathizers," including virtually the entire

student body of Hue University; arrests are continuing at the rate of 14,000 per month, though U.S. and Vietnamese officials maintain that most of those detained are quickly released. Thirty-two opposition groups issued a statement denouncing the campaign, but no Saigon newspaper printed the story for fear of government censure.

Special Powers. Last week Thieu also assumed new dictatorial powers for six months in all matters relating to the country's national defense, internal security, financial and economic affairs—though he had considerable trouble getting his request for "special powers" approved by the South Vietnamese Senate. He had asked for the authority primarily to be able to deal by decree with South Viet Nam's worsening economic situation, most probably by levying new taxes and borrowing piastres from the National Bank. As the final Senate vote approached, Thieu's forces put pressure on Senators: some of them said that they had been offered as much as \$12,200 and a round-the-world air ticket for a yes vote. In the end, though the Senate had previously defeated a similar bill, the opposition could muster only 24 out of 60 votes. With passage certain, they tried to delay the vote, then simply boycotted a meeting called by pro-Thieu Senators, who waited until after the 10 p.m. curfew and finally voted 26-0 to give Thieu what he wanted.

Even as Thieu is expanding his powers, many South Vietnamese politicians are beginning to wonder aloud whether he will be able to hold onto them for much more than six months. The spec-

ulation arises because the North Vietnamese are apparently unwilling to accept American terms for a cease-fire. They assert that a political settlement must come first—specifically, the provision that Thieu must be removed from office. The South Vietnamese are well aware that while the U.S. wants an independent non-Communist South Viet Nam, Washington has nevertheless gradually acceded to more and more of Hanoi's demands. The North Vietnamese have never budged from their position that both the Thieu government and U.S. forces must go before there can be peace in Viet Nam. Now more and more Vietnamese are wondering if, in an American election year, the Nixon Administration may not be willing to make some sort of concession that would lead to the departure of Thieu.

At present Thieu's enemies do not represent a cohesive threat to his political survival. And Thieu's new muscle will make it even riskier for his opponents to speak out in favor of proposals such as a coalition government or a cease-fire. When General Duong Van ("Big") Minh circulated a petition calling for Thieu's resignation, he managed to get only 50 signatures—all from National Assembly members, who enjoy legislative immunity.

One new potential threat to Thieu, however, is the re-emergence of the Catholic church as a force in South Vietnamese politics. The Catholics have remained largely apolitical since the fall of Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963. But a number of Catholics quietly opposed Thieu's efforts to eliminate his opposition in the presidential elections last October, and many currently support a Catholic political coalition with the Buddhists.

To keep the opposition contained, Thieu is under considerable pressure to produce victories on the battlefield—or

THE WORLD

at least a credible counteroffensive. That would also help keep in check South Vietnamese doubts about his place in the Nixon Administration's scheme of things. If the South Vietnamese army can reclaim some of the territory lost in the Easter offensive and restore order to the stricken parts of his country, Thieu may be able to forestall the cease-fire that he seems to fear—or at least improve his bargaining position should a cease-fire occur.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Chilling Statement

During all the shooting, bombing and terrorism perpetrated by the Irish Republican Army, the Protestants of Northern Ireland have exhibited considerable restraint. Last week their cumulative anger seemed on the point of boiling over—and at the worst possible moment. Just one day after the beginning of a complete I.R.A. cease-fire—the most hopeful event in troubled Ulster in many a month—militant Protestants reaffirmed an ominous plan that, if carried through, would almost certainly send the I.R.A. to its guns again.

Impatient with William Whitelaw, Britain's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland, for what they regarded as undue concessions to the Catholics, the Protestants were particularly angry that Catholic barricades had been allowed to remain in place around the "no-go" areas in Londonderry's Bogside and Creggan districts. There, some 30,000 Catholics live in an I.R.A.-patrolled enclave called "Free Derry."

So leaders of the militant Ulster Defense Association announced that at week's end they would force a showdown with both the British Army and the I.R.A. Until Whitelaw ordered the removal of the Catholic barricades, they declared, they would create no-go areas of their own. More important, they would throw a Protestant blockade around the Catholic enclaves. "We intend to turn them into real no-go areas," said the U.D.A. in a chilling statement. The U.D.A. also threatened to cut off the areas' heat, water and power, but later was persuaded to abandon the notion. Had they gone ahead, Catholics could have retaliated by shutting down the whole city's gasworks, which are located in the Bogside.

Under pressure, Londonderry Catholics offered to knock down three of their 40 barricades, but U.D.A. leaders dismissed the concession as "too little and too late," and proceeded with their plans. Protestant extremists have made such threats before—then retreated from a direct collision with the army. But at the very least, the threat pointed up the tenuous nature of Whitelaw's peace. As one moderate Catholic leader put it, "If the U.D.A. is serious about this proposal, its action will lead to total war."



WEST GERMANY'S WILLY BRANDT



FRANCE'S GEORGES POMPIDOU

EUROPE

Caught at the Crossroads

The two most powerful politicians in Western Europe, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt and French President Georges Pompidou, will meet this week in Bonn for their regular bi-annual consultations. The meeting promises to be somewhat strained, since the two men—each in need of burnishing his political image at home—will be urgently pushing virtually opposite views on the future of the European Economic Community. How—and whether—they resolve their differences will vitally affect the course of the Common Market, which appears to be in increasing disarray.

Besides the present monetary crisis (see THE ECONOMY) the Common Market still has not worked out joint positions on other pressing issues that face a community that will expand from six members to ten next January, with the addition of Britain, Ireland, Denmark and Norway. The issues include the crucial question of how far and how fast the members should move toward political integration, their position toward the U.S. and a common stand on the approaching conference on European security. As a starting point for thrashing out those problems, a summit meeting of the Ten was scheduled to be held in Paris in October. Now the guessing game in Europe is whether the summit will be held then or later—or at all.

Brandt has special reasons for wanting the summit to be held as scheduled. After ruling West Germany for 21 years as the Federal Republic's first Social Democratic Chancellor, Brandt has seen his coalition's slender majority dwindle to nothing, largely because of defections over the ratification of treaties with Moscow and Warsaw. He was also hurt by his government's poor rec-

ord in its efforts to halt inflation. Faced with a stalemated Bundestag, he announced last week that he would seek new national elections in November. But it is questionable whether he will be able to defeat the powerful Christian Democratic opposition, let alone return with a decisive majority.

Brandt hopes to impress his status-conscious fellow Germans with his role as a world statesman by playing host to the great and famous at the Munich summer Olympics. In addition, Brandt would like to star at an October summit that would chart the Ten's course according to his vision of a strong united Europe that would work in close harmony with the U.S. This would help him allay the suspicions of many West German voters that his *Ostpolitik* has made the country too susceptible to pressures from the East bloc.

Pompidou has become increasingly cool toward the summit. Ever since he suffered a setback in the unenthusiastic French reaction to his referendum on the Market's expansion, Pompidou has been trying to enhance his own prestige in France by evoking the memory of Charles de Gaulle. In a gesture worthy of the general, Pompidou has threatened to postpone the summit unless the other nine demonstrate "true European feelings." By that he means that if political integration cannot be avoided, the nine should at least acknowledge France as the Community's leading political force. To a country, the nine oppose Pompidou's presumption.

As a price for holding the summit on schedule, Pompidou is likely to insist that a solution of the Community's monetary problems take precedence over European political integration or joint EEC foreign policy. The severity of the currency crisis may force the West Germans to agree. Still, Brandt and the other eight are determined not to allow the French to block progress on other issues by focusing exclusively on the monetary problem.

Tightening Up the Communist Bloc

For the Communist leaders of Eastern Europe, the conciliatory Ostpolitik of West German Chancellor Willy Brandt is laden with peril as well as promise. Brandt's offer of closer ties promises to bring Eastern European nations considerable economic benefits. But conciliation with Bonn has already robbed the Communist regimes of the propaganda argument among their own people: that only Communism and Soviet power offer protection from "revenge-seeking" West Germans. Relaxation of East-West tensions might also expose Eastern Europeans to Western influences that could make them far more dissatisfied with their own rigid social and political order and more eager for Western-style consumer goods.

Even so, the Soviets have made a historic decision in favor of better relations with the West—and Bonn in particular. Eastern European leaders have little choice but to respond favorably to Brandt's overtures. Now, in anticipation of the increasing danger at cultural and political inroads, the East bloc regimes are trying to tighten internal discipline and stamp out the last remnants of a pre-Communist society. Two examples:

CZECHOSLOVAKIA

In the four years since Russian tanks crushed Alexander Dubček's experimental "socialism with a human face," predominantly Roman Catholic Czechoslovakia has undergone a national religious revival—perhaps in reaction to the imposition of Soviet-style repression. The number of baptisms, church weddings, church funerals and applications to seminaries has been steadily rising, and more and more citizens are giving their children religious instruction. Lately, the Soviet-installed regime of Gustav Husák has responded to the trend with a concerted anti-church campaign of discrimination, propaganda and outright repression.

In a series of measures aimed directly against the church, the Husák government has ordered all priests to retire at the age of 60, forced younger priests to move from the cities to remote country parishes and severely restricted attendance at seminaries. The students and teachers at the Bratislava Faculty of Theology recently went on a hunger strike when 50 out of 80 candidates for admission were rejected on the orders of the Ministry of Culture.

State educational officials have let it be known that attendance at religious classes will be counted against youths who want to enter Czechoslovakia's overcrowded universities. The Czechoslovak press has launched an all-out attack on religion in general and the Roman Catholic Church in particular. In Bratislava, the capital of Slovakia, the most heavily Catholic region, the Communist Party organ *Pravda* warned readers that religion causes schizophrenia, leads to mental imbalance and encourages crime. The national army paper *Obrana Lidu* denounced the Vatican as the world's "greatest center of ideological subversion."

Ever since 1950, the Communist government in Prague has steadfastly refused to let the Vatican appoint bishops in Czechoslovakia. The Dubček regime opened negotiations with the Holy See in 1968, but they were abruptly suspended after the Soviet invasion and Dubček's fall. Since then, the country's

prelates have been dying off without being replaced. The death of two Czechoslovak bishops last month leaves only one of the country's twelve dioceses in the hands of a Vatican appointee.

EAST GERMANY

Despite its political orthodoxy, East Germany has long tolerated one of the Communist world's greatest anomalies. Some 8,800 small businesses were until recently either privately owned or run by entrepreneurs in partnership with the state. They employed 15% of the country's labor force and accounted for roughly 14% of its \$40 billion annual industrial output, including the high-quality exports—textiles, glassware, optical equipment—that have given East Germany a foothold in lucrative Western markets. Such free enterprise increased the earning power of many East German workers and gave their capitalist bosses the good life of fat incomes, big cars, yachts and summer houses along the Baltic.

Now the *Gemütlichkeit* is over. Un-

der hard-lining Party Boss Erich Honecker, the East German regime mounted a headlong drive to eradicate what Karl Marx called "the birthmarks of the old society." Last week Herbert Warnke, chairman of the East German Trade Unions Federation, announced that the "socialization of the private sector" has been completed.

Most of the firms affected are in the areas of construction, services and consumer goods. Though they are generally small outfits, with an average of 25 to 50 employees, a few have as many as 1,000 workers on the payroll and upwards of \$30 million a year in gross revenues. By midsummer, only inns, small retail operations and one-man repair shops will be outside state ownership and control.

Among the larger casualties has been the internationally known fashion house of Magdeburg Designer Heinz Bormann, the "Red Dior." His firm's new name, the Magdeburg People's Factory of Women's Fashions. None of the small entrepreneurs have been literally forced to sell to the state; nationalization has been accomplished by making it virtually impossible for private firms to hang on. Taxes have been raised 10%, surcharges have been slapped on raw materials and supplies, and owners have been barred from turning their businesses over to their children.

Those who do not decide to sell "voluntarily" are summoned to "persuasion talks" with party officials or confronted by a "spontaneous" employee resolution supporting nationalization. Compensation is low, and it is deposited in blocked bank accounts to be doled out at a rate averaging about \$940 a year. When owners die—and most of them are old—the remaining funds revert to the state.

HEINZ BORMANN, EAST GERMANY'S "RED DIOR," WITH FASHION MODELS



SOVIET UNION

La Dacha Vita

When a Muscovite out for a Sunday afternoon drive in the family Zhiguli comes to a thickly wooded area about 20 miles southwest of Moscow, he had better resist the temptation to park his car and stroll among the pines and birches. Just to remind him, a NO STOPPING line is painted along the side of the road, TRANSMI ONLY signs prohibit him from pausing in villages along the way, and NO ENTRY notices block all side streets. There is also a forbidding 10-ft green wooden fence, set back from the road and stretching for miles. If, despite these warnings, he should pull off the shoulder even for a moment, armed guards are likely to materialize out of the woods or roar up in yellow patrol cars and hustle him on his way.

Soviet officials would prefer inquisitive foreigners to believe that the elaborate privacy is for the benefit of disabled war veterans and aged proletarians in nearby rest homes and hospitals.

ORNATELY CARVED COUNTRY HOUSE IN URALS



In fact, as every Muscovite knows, the fence hides a cluster of sumptuous villas belonging to the Kremlin elite. They are the most luxurious examples of the dacha (country house), a cherished retreat for every Russian lucky enough to have one, and a coveted status symbol for those who do not. There are approximately 40,000 dachas within a 30-mile radius of Moscow alone, including elegant mansions of the country's leaders, comfortable cottages for favored bureaucrats and humble *izbas*, or huts, often without plumbing or electricity, for less exalted citizens.

The government dachas near the village of Uspenskoye are the Soviet Union's answer to Britain's Chequers or the U.S. presidential retreat at Camp David. On a summer weekend, virtually the entire Communist Party and state hierarchy speeds in convoys of limousines under police escort to an exclusive park full of country houses.

Not all of the Kremlin leaders have their dachas within the same compound. The most prominent *dachnik*, Party General Secretary Leonid Brezhnev, has a weekend getaway spot near Barvikha, where he entertained Richard Nixon during the Moscow summit meetings. Former President Anastas Mikoyan has retired to Zubalovo, an estate surrounding a manor house decorated with marble statues, tapestries and stained glass. In czarist times it belonged to an oil millionaire; Joseph Stalin later expropriated the estate and included one of its mansions among his nine dachas around Moscow and in his native Georgia.

The dacha belt south of Moscow is segmented by profession and prestige. The picturesque village of Peredelkino, 15 miles from the capital, has been a writers' colony since the '30s and is now the dacha land of the officially approved intelligentsia, including Poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko, who lives in a wood-paneled, two-story country house decorated with antique Russian Orthodox icons and abstract modern paintings.

A member of the Soviet establishment who falls from favor usually loses

his dacha. When a top Moscow scientist recently applied for permission to emigrate to Israel, his country house was the first privilege to be taken away from him. These days dacha watchers are wondering if Pyotr Shelest, recently deposed as first secretary of the Ukrainian Communist Party, will be able to hang on to his spacious villa and mile-long private beach on the Black Sea coast.

Though only a limited number of Russians have dachas of their own, hundreds of thousands have access to some kind of rural retreat. "Every summer Friday afternoon half of Moscow seems to leave the city," reports TIME's John Shaw. "Even a quarter-acre of Mother Russia's soil gives them a place to escape to from the aggravations of communal urban life. Tens of millions of country-born Russians have been converted into citydwellers by industrialization in a generation or less. Many of them remain country folk at heart. To ordinary Russians, the extravagant, arbitrary privileges of their leaders, most powerfully symbolized by the secluded, luxurious villas of officialdom, will matter little so long as they too have a chance for a humbler version of the same pleasures."

A Russian family can rent a two-bedroom dacha for the equivalent of about \$100 a month. Holiday accommodation is also available through dacha cooperatives, run by most government ministries and academic institutions for their more senior employees. A member pays a token lease for a bit of rural land on which he can build a private dacha for an average of about \$2,000. The tracts are usually about 25 acres subdivided into fifty half-acre plots. There are hundreds of such cooperatives around Moscow.

Private Faith. In the summer-lush countryside, the Soviet citizen can raise vegetables, stroll through the pine woods—and enjoy an extra measure of privacy unavailable in his city apartment. Even the KGB (secret police) pays little attention to what the citizen does on weekends in the country. Prudent during the week, he may read proscribed books once he is secluded in his dacha. Among typical articles of private faith furnishing many dachas are Alexander Solzhenitsyn's *The First Circle*, an LP of *Hair*, a photograph of Pasternak, and a bronze cross.

Summer is also the time of the *dachnye muzhya*, or dacha husbands, whose families are away in the country, leaving them to cook for themselves in the city Monday through Friday and commute to the dacha on weekends, carrying supplies—a situation familiar to many urban American husbands. The role of dachas in Russian life is by no means new to the Soviet era. Anton Chekhov wrote a short story about a *dachny muzh* who made the best of his citybound work week by taking a mistress in the summer while his wife was at the dacha.

DACHA IN THE PERDELKINO WRITERS' ENCLAVE SOUTH OF MOSCOW





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This curvature allows the club head to flow through the shot smoothly, sliding easily across the turf without dragging or digging in.

And as a further safeguard against digging in, the leading edge of the X-31 is beveled.

Notice, too, that the extra width of the sole puts greater weight below the center line of the ball on impact so that the power of the stroke is delivered low on the ball. Result: fast lift and extra yardage.

The X-31 sole is also contoured from heel to toe.

Since a smaller segment of the sole comes in contact with the turf, there's little chance of digging in, or for "turf drag". (see bottom diagram) Result: more club head speed and greater accuracy.

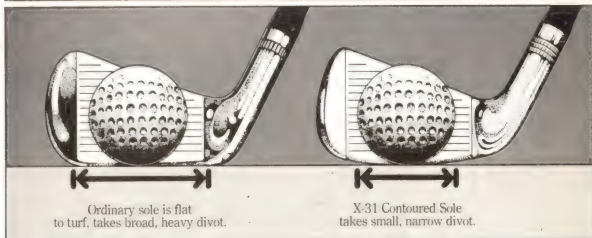
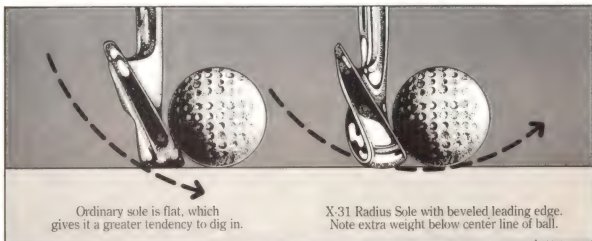
If you find yourself digging in when you attempt to get under the ball, or if you're losing too much distance and accuracy because of turf drag, the flat-sole clubs you're playing now aren't going to help you very much, or very soon.

Next time you're around the pro shop, hit a few with a Wilson X-31.

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Wilson X-31 Clubs

For shots that get up faster and go farther.



MIDDLE EAST

Varieties of Violence

"Obligated from both a moral and political viewpoint," as he put it, Israel's Deputy Premier Yigal Allon last week publicly admitted that Israeli planes had dropped bombs on the southern Lebanon town of Hasbaya two weeks ago. The raid, labeled a "preventive" strike, had been aimed at the Palestinian fedayeen encamped in the hills around the village. But because of a technical failure in a jet bomber, said Allon, a number of bombs were dropped on Hasbaya itself. "We never intended to harm peaceful civilians," he said.

Allon was promptly attacked by Israel's largest newspaper, *Maariv*, for making the admission at a time when the United Nations Security Council was debating a resolution condemning Israel for the raid. The one-sided resolution carried 13-0, with only the U.S. and Panama abstaining; it was promptly condemned by Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban as "inequitable and discriminatory," because it made no mention of Arab violence.

Broken Promises. He had a point. But Eban for his part did not mention the violence of the Israeli response. TIME Correspondent Gavin Scott was one of the few journalists to visit Hasbaya last week and found that the bombing had "left the center of the village a jumble of caved-in roofs, dangerous dangling electric wires, burned-out shops, blackened automobiles and screaming people. Four bombs made craters 12 ft. deep and 20 ft. across within 20 yds. of the house of Dr. Rashid Haddad, the town's only physician. "There," the doctor said, pointing a finger, "a man got caught in the flames. His clothes and hair were on fire. He died right away; there was nothing I could do for him." Scott counted twelve craters, and three unexploded bombs were taken away. Eight villagers had been killed and about 50 wounded. "Perhaps one bomb might be a mistake, or two or three. But can all this be a mistake?" Dr. Haddad asked.

Israeli planes had also staged a raid on the hill village of Deir al Ashayer, leveling three of its dozen houses. Villagers said that 19 civilians had been killed, including seven children.

The purpose of the raids was to persuade the Lebanese government to control the fedayeen, who have been using the border country of Lebanon as a base for attacks on Israel. In that regard, the Israelis appeared to have achieved some success. Lebanese Premier Saeb Salam last week announced that he and Guerrilla Leader Yasser Arafat had reached an agreement: in return for being allowed to remain in Lebanon, the fedayeen will "freeze" their attacks on Israel. The fedayeen, unfortunately, have made similar promises—and broken them—in the past; the previous lull lasted only four months.



DEFENDANTS AT TRIAL FOR MASSACRE OF 16 INDIANS IN COLOMBIA

COLOMBIA

The Indian-Hunters

The invitation was as irresistible as it was unexpected to the 18 nomadic Cuiba Indians who had been wandering the llanos, the vast prairies that stretch from the Andes to the Orinoco River. A group of Colombian cowboys rode up and invited the Indians to their ranch where two women cooks had prepared an alluring alfresco buffet of meat, rice, vegetables and fruit. Hardly had the Indians started eating when the cowboys' range boss, Luis Enrique Morin, gave a signal by rapping on the ranch house door. His men burst out, shooting with pistols, slashing with machetes and bashing with mallets. Sixteen Indians, including women and children, were killed. Two survived and crawled away. They later reported the massacre to a priest.

That was in 1967. Last week six *llaneros*, or cowboys, and the two women cooks were belatedly tried in the frontier town of Villavicencio. They were charged with the mass murder of the Indians, which they admittedly admitted they had carried out as a lark. As Morin, now 33, put it: "For me, Indians are animals like deer or iguanas, except that deer don't damage our crops or kill our pigs. Since way back, Indian-hunting has been common practice in these parts."

None of Morin's men suspected that they had done wrong. Marcelino Jiménez, 22, hiked for five days to a police outpost when he heard the authorities were looking for him. "If I had known that killing Indians was a crime, I would not have wasted all that time walking just so they could lock me up," he explained during the trial. The cowboys

cooperated fully with the investigating magistrate, helpfully supplying every detail of the massacre. "All I did was kill the little Indian girl and finish off two who were more dead than alive anyway," protested one of the defendants. "From childhood I have been told that everyone kills Indians."

The defense lawyer's basic argument was that the government was unfairly trying to apply 20th century law to the *llaneros*, a swashbuckling and primitive breed of cowboy, whose lives and attitudes have changed little since the days of Simón Bolívar. Besides, the lawyer argued, others had done the same thing and gone unpunished on the llanos, "where the law that counts is that of the fastest." The defense claimed that on one occasion, the local DAS, the police force modeled on the Texas Rangers, helped kill 17 Indians accused of rustling cattle. One witness, an elderly trader, recalled that trappers used to offer him cured Indian skin along with crocodile hides and deer pelts. The *llaneros* even have a verb for Indian-hunting—*guahibiar* (which is derived from the name of another local Indian tribe, the Guahibio).

The defense obviously impressed the three-man jury. After nearly 41 hours of deliberation, they decided that the defendants were "not responsible" for the crime "because of their invincible ignorance." Instead the jury accepted the argument that blame should fall on all Colombian governments since the *conquistadores* for "doing nothing to improve the way of life in the vast outback where Indians have been regarded mostly as marauding animals." The jury's decision does not amount to an acquittal. The judge has 15 days to decide whether to accept the verdict or call for a retrial.

ZAIRE

The Matabiche Boom

For eight months Mobutu Sese Seko (formerly known as Joseph Désiré Mobutu), President of the former Belgian Congo, has been preoccupied with a search for national "authenticity." He has changed dozens of place names reminiscent of colonial times, and the country itself is now known as the Republic of Zaire. Mobutu has also decreed that all Zairians—beginning with himself—should discard their Christian names in favor of "authentic" African ones. As a final symbol of the new order, Mobutu changed the principal national holiday from June 30—its independence day—to November 24, the anniversary of his own coup in 1965.

Last week, twelve years after the

charge of the army, especially of the elite corps of 5,000 paratroopers that he himself created.

With his unchallenged power, Mobutu has succeeded in giving his country the two things it needed most: a measure of peace and relative stability. In consequence, Zaire is beginning to attract foreign investment on a rising scale. A Japanese mining group is about to open a large new copper mine near Lubumbashi (the former Elisabethville), for instance, and to the northwest of Lubumbashi an international consortium has discovered what may be the world's richest bed of copper ore. In Kinshasa, formerly Leopoldville, four auto manufacturers are planning to open assembly plants. Goodyear has just completed a \$16.8 million tire factory, a steel mill is under way, and an aluminum plant is in the planning stage.

MERVIN HOWE—THE NEW YORK TIMES



PRESIDENT MOBUTU (CENTER) ADDRESSING CROWD AT PARTY CONGRESS
Preoccupied with a search for national "authenticity."

Belgian Congo became independent and embarked on a period of chaos, civil war and primeval savagery that lasted for nearly eight years. TIME Correspondent John Blashill completed a 2,000-mile tour of the sprawling country. His report:

Though many of Mobutu's 21.5 million countrymen may giggle at their new names, most of them respect the President's motive: to give them something of their own to be proud of. They felt degraded by Belgium's harsh colonialism under which they were called *macaques* (apes) and treated as backward children. Mobutu's "authenticity" campaign, going back as it does to their own pre-colonial tribal roots, at least gives them something to hold on to.

In any case, they have little choice but to accept Mobutu's ideas, because he is firmly in control. He runs the only party, the "nonpolitical" Popular Revolutionary Movement, and holds a tight rein on the provincial governments by rotating their leaders frequently. Most important, he appears to be in complete

Yet the boom has something of a hollow ring. Most new investors come in on the understanding that they will be able to recover their full investment within three years, which means that in four years they will have taken out of the country more than they put into it. Even so, some prospective investors decide, after a few days of exploring, that setting up shop in Zaire is more trouble than it is worth. What turns them off, most of all, is a well-established system of graft known as *matabiche* (probably taken from a Portuguese word, *mutabichas*, meaning bug-killer, with the implication that there are bugs everywhere to be taken care of). One high government official recently estimated that 60% of last year's government budget may have disappeared in *matabiche*.

To a potential investor in Zaire, the impact of *matabiche* is almost overpowering. He must pay to get his business application considered, pay to get it approved, and keep paying to build his factory, hire labor, import parts and sell his product. One U.S. Embassy man admits that his principal job is "to put our

heads down and bull our way through to the right man to pay." Mobutu has repeatedly declared himself against corruption, and has indeed managed to stamp out some of the graft. But at other times he has ignored major pilfering.

Most of the current development is restricted to two areas—Kinshasa and Shaba province (the former Katanga). The rest of the country is suffering from massive official neglect. Countless roads and bridges have not been repaired since the days of the Simba rebellion in 1964-65. Most of the coffee, rubber and banana plantations are now deserted—either because the owners were killed or driven away, or because the planters have found it impossible to get their crops to market. Thousands of government teachers in rural areas have not received their salaries for more than a year, and some have not been paid for the last three years.

Surviving Simbas. Standing in sorrowful testimony to the decay of the Upper Congo Basin is Kisangani, the former Stanleyville, once a thriving commercial center. Today the river trade is moribund, the factories abandoned. A small casino attracts a nightly crowd of Europeans, but the façade is false. Much of the downtown section is deserted, and vast tracts of European-built houses have been abandoned to spiders, snakes and jungle grasses. After four invasions by Simbas, mercenaries and government forces between 1964 and 1967, the city is understandably nervous—so nervous that U.S. Consul Frank Crump prudently vetoed a fireworks display at this week's Fourth of July barbecue for Kisangani's small American community.

In Bukavu, on Lake Kivu, the scene of three battles during the Simba rebellion, the city is under a virtual siege of terror by the national army. Townspeople are afraid to walk in the streets after 4 p.m., and bribes greatly exceed the limits of acceptable *matabiche*. "Things were better under the Simbas," declares one longtime resident. "They may have been brutal, but they were not corrupt as well."

In the hills above the towns of Fizi and Baraka, a remnant of the Simba rebellion smolders on in what the surviving guerrillas grandly call the Congolese People's Republic. The Simbas operate two gold mines and produce enough ore to buy the arms they need. In fact, they buy most of them from members of Mobutu's own national army, with whom they have been playing hide-and-seek for the past seven years.

For all its continuing ills, Zaire is—potentially—an enormously rich country. It has almost everything it needs to become a power in Africa—vast resources of minerals, endless water power, sun-drenched soils in which anything will grow, and a government bent on unity and discipline. What it lacks is a cadre of responsible and competent men to turn its resources into wealth.

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PEOPLE

The greatest living hero of the sea, 70-year-old **Sir Francis Chichester** sailed slowly back toward England under foresails and mizzen, his mainsail furled—out of the 54-ship transatlantic race that began June 17. So weak from a blood disease that he had been virtually carried on board the 57-ft. *Gipsy Moth V*, Sir Francis was out of radio contact for several days. An R.A.F. search plane, which finally spotted him off the Spanish coast some 600 miles south of England, queried by blinker light if he needed help, and the old sailor flashed back: "I have been ill. No rescue. I am O.K."

Before she turns into Don Quixote's virginal Dulcinea in *Man of La Mancha*, Aldonza, the scullery maid, gets a

SOPHIA LOREN TAKING HER PUNISHMENT



BOBBY HULL ARRIVES WITH ROLLS-ROYCE & SON FOR CONTRACT SIGNING



rather rough going-over from a rabble of lustful admirers. So much the worse for **Sophia Loren** that Director Arthur (*Love Story*) Hiller, currently making the movie in Rome, is a perfectionist. After umpteenth retakes of the strenuous scene, Sophia was pleading *soito voce* with the extras: "Take it easy, boys. I'm black and blue all over."

"I could conk out any minute," says 77-year-old Thinker **R. Buckminster Fuller**, "and there are a number of people who would like to see this work carried on." To carry on Fuller's work of formulating fresh and sometimes dazzling solutions to the problems of Man on Earth, a nonprofit Design Science Institute has just been set up in Washington, D.C. It will be headed by Dr. Glenn A. Oids, president of Kent State University, with an advisory council including such notables as Polio Fighter **Jonas E. Salk**, and former U.N. Secretary-General **U Thant**. As for his latest solutions, the cryptic creator of the geodesic dome called for a new "world accounting system," democracy by "continual electronic referendum," and an "educational revolution" in which each child would program his own computer to answer such questions as "Why is the sky blue?"

Hair transplants have not quite restored the blond locks that gave Canadian **Bobby Hull** the nickname of "Golden Jet" shortly after he started playing hockey for the Chicago Black Hawks 15 years ago. But 33-year-old Bobby is more golden than he ever was—the new World Hockey Association has just signed him to abandon Chicago and become a player-coach for the Winnipeg Jets for a staggering \$2.75 million over the next ten years, including an immediate cash bonus of \$1 million. The

W.H.A., which calls the deal the fattest contract ever signed by a professional athlete, hopes that the superstar left-wing will give the new league instant luster in its rivalry with the 54-year-old National Hockey League. The N.H.L. responded with rumblings about the possibilities of a lawsuit.

Washington had the premiere of **Leonard Bernstein's Mass** at the John F. Kennedy Center last September, but New York has just had itself three openings at Lincoln Center—a "first New York performance" (Monday), a "final preview" (Tuesday), and an "opening night" (Wednesday). Each had its quota of public appearances: Comedian **Woody Allen**, Hairdresser **Vidal Sassoon**, Professional Amateur **George Plimpton** and Mayor **John V. Lindsay**, ("One of the best things about *Mass*," said **Mary Lindsay**, "is that it doesn't have an intermission.") Splendid in a burgundy dinner jacket and a large blue and gold brocade tie, Impresario **Sol Hurok** happily surveyed it all. "I love this show very much," he said, "but I know some who don't agree with me. That's the way it goes."

A sobering solution to the problem of drunken driving was put forward by Britain's royal consort, **Prince Philip**. Speaking to the annual congress of the International Federation of Automobile Engineering Societies, he made the tongue-in-cheek suggestion that someone invent an ignition system that would not function unless the driver pronounced in faultless diction: "The Leith police dismisseth us."

The case of **Martha Mitchell** began to seem like something more serious than just an Alka-Seltzer story. After phoning from Newport Beach, Calif., to tell a reporter that she had given Nixon Campaign Manager **John Mitchell** "an ultimatum" to get out of politics (TIME, July 3), Martha surfaced at the Westchester Country Club in Rye, N.Y., a deeply unhappy woman. "I'm leaving him until he decides to leave the campaign," she said. "I'm not going to stand for all those dirty things that go on." Later, Martha told a reporter from the New York Daily News that one of the security men provided by Mitchell's Committee for the Re-Election of the President had come into her bedroom while she was phoning from California and ripped the telephone out of the wall. Displaying bandages on her left hand and bruises on her arms, she insisted that the guards "threw me down on a bed—five men did it—and stuck a needle in my behind. I've never been treated like this, ever. They're afraid of my honesty. I doubt seriously if I want any of the current candidates in the White House." No reporter saw or heard from her at the country club after that. Nor did any reporter manage to see John Mitchell when he arrived and took Martha back home to Washington.

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smuggled in from Texas. But some say it was the other way around. **4** Vintas! The incomparable sailing vessels of the Moslem seamen in our Southern islands. Each, a work of art. But Manila harbors ships of all the world. **5** Do you know a sixth of the world's seashells come from the Philippines? But our beaches beckon for 1000 other reasons too. **6** The Parol, famous Christmas lanterns. Moving and beautiful—but just one of our wealth of religious expressions. **7** The bald eagle of the Philippines. Strong, bald, afraid of nothing. But he is only one among many!

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Closing Death Row

"I was lying on my bunk," said Lucious Jackson, 25, a rapist confined on the death row of Georgia State Prison, "when I heard one of the fellows shout that they've knocked it out. I had just about given up hope."

"They" were the Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, who last week in a long-awaited decision knocked out the death penalty. By the narrowest of margins, they ruled that capital punishment as currently imposed is cruel and unusual punishment in violation of the Eighth and 14th Amendments.

Since 1967, there has been a moratorium on executions while various cases (including Jackson's) worked their way up through the appeals courts. The Supreme Court, partly transformed by President Nixon's appointment of four Justices, was expected to uphold the death penalty, but on the last day of its term, the court produced its surprise.

Although the vote was officially 5-4, it was really closer than that. All nine Justices wrote opinions, and only two—Brennan and Marshall—declared that capital punishment *per se* is cruel and unusual. Douglas, White and Stewart all felt that the death sentences in the murder and two rape cases before the court had been applied "wantonly and freakishly," to use Stewart's words, because only a tiny minority of defendants convicted of similar offenses suffer the same fate. They left open the possibility, however, that a law would be constitutional if it called for capital punishment for certain kinds of crime (like the murder of a policeman) and if it was uniformly applied.

All four Nixon appointees dissented, mainly on the ground that the abolition of execution is the business of legislatures, not judges. Indeed, a number of state officials greeted the court action with calls for new legislation to restore capital punishment. As for the 601 convicts on death row, Powell said the majority's opinions meant they have been relieved, while Burger complained that the verdict gave no "final and unambiguous answer."

Such distinctions mattered little to Lucious Jackson: "I've been thinking about nothing but death for a long time. Now I can think about living."

The Nixon Court: Progress Report

As the death-penalty decision made clear, the Supreme Court has rarely been so neatly balanced. Although the court tipped to the liberal side in that decision, a bare majority of five justices also ruled last week that:

► Members of Congress or their

aides can be questioned at trials or by grand juries on any matters other than those "that are part and parcel of the legislative process." Alaska Senator Mike Gravel, backed by the Senate, had argued that the constitutional immunity of legislators extended even to the actions of an aide in arranging for publication of Pentagon papers that Gravel had earlier made a matter of legislative record. He lost.

► A lawsuit challenging Army surveillance of civilians should be dismissed, since those who brought the suit could not show any harm had been done to them as a result of the Army's investigations. If and when they discover they have been harmed, then a suit can be brought.

► A newsman has the same duty as any other citizen to answer questions put to him by a grand jury, unless state law provides otherwise. That decision rejected New York Times Reporter Earl Caldwell's argument that he had a First Amendment right to refuse to testify before a grand jury investigating Black Panthers.

On the last day before they gratefully hung up their robes for the summer, the Justices delivered themselves of a mind-numbing 689 pages of opinions. It had, in fact, been one of the longest sessions in history (270 days), with the greatest workload in years (full opinions were written in 131 cases). It left the Justices uncommonly testy with one another (see below) and so intellectually overtaxed that Chief Justice Warren Burger has said privately that merely getting through the year was a triumph of sorts.

Partly because of their deep differences, the Justices have tended all year to issue separate opinions, a practice that is easier than the extensive discussion and rewriting that produces a single, clear statement from the majority and another from the dissenters. The fragmentation makes it risky to attempt a simple chart of the Burger Court's political or intellectual course, but some of its trends are becoming clear.

The new court is not inclined to be suspicious of people in power. Where the Warren Court anticipated abuses by police and other officials, the Burger Court seems to trust authority. It ruled that a witness compelled to testify before a grand jury need be given immunity only from prosecution based on what he says or evidence developed from it; the majority asserted that prosecutors would not be able to misuse such leads to find other evidence



to convict the witness. The court also upheld a policeman's right to stop and frisk a suspect even if the officer's suspicions are based on the word of an unnamed tipster. When the court did find that officials had overreached their authority, however, it proved ready to slap them down, thus the Justices ruled unanimously that it is unconstitutional to eavesdrop on domestic political "suspects" without a judicial warrant.

Though reluctant to overturn previous liberal decisions, the Burger Court finds differences in new cases to justify a shift away from the earlier principles. The Warren Court had declared that a shopping center was a public place where pickets had normal rights of free speech; the new majority pointed out that the earlier decision involved a labor dispute with a store in the shopping center and concluded that in a case of antiwar protest, an owner's property rights override the rights of demonstrators. The Warren Court declared that a suspect is entitled to a lawyer at a lineup; the new majority says a lawyer is re-



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June 21, 1972

THE LAW

quired only after the suspect has been indicted, which often occurs after the lineup.

Despite Nixon's effort to narrow the policymaking role of the court, the Burger Court had a broader impact this year than at any time since the Warren era. In addition to the capital punishment decision, the court last week also ruled that a parolee can no longer be sent back to prison at the discretion of his parole officer, but must be given a fair hearing. Earlier, it declared most vagrancy statutes unconstitutionally vague and required that a lawyer be made available to any indigent facing jail—no matter how small his offense. It also found that the tradition of unanimous verdicts was not constitutionally necessary in state criminal trials: a 9-3 verdict will now be allowed in states that pass such a rule. Finally, the court threw out residency requirements of three months or more in congressional, state and local elections.

Although these tendencies may be visible, the first year with four Nixon nominees ended without the court's having embarked on any clear, single-tracked course. Liberal? Conservative? It has undeniably shifted toward the latter, but the votes are so close, the opinions so numerous that the court as a whole remains something of a puzzle. It has, of course, no obligation to journalists or historians to be quantifiable, but as the late John Harlan observed, the ability to "definitely settle differences in an orderly, predictable manner" is a legal system's vital contribution to any society.

Agreeing to Disagree

"We are professionals at disagreeing," Chief Justice Burger tells friends. "We're experts at arguing with each other without getting personally aggrieved." But the experts have been under remarkable pressure this year from the giant docket of cases and the strains of a shifting philosophical direction. Even the affable Chief Justice was heard last week groaning about the difficulties caused when "one of the brethren packs up and leaves town early and then tries to conduct his business back and forth across 4,000 miles or however far it is out there." He was referring to Justice Douglas, who left three weeks ago for his wilderness home in Gooseprairie, Wash., and mailed in the final drafts of some last opinions.

The remark was only the latest complaint to get through what once was usually a soundproof wall surrounding the Justices. Court insiders were also talking last week about Justice Rehnquist's failure to disqualify himself on the issue of Army surveillance of civilians: he had defended the practice before a Congressional committee a year ago, when he was an Assistant U.S. Attorney General, and now he had cast the deciding vote that gave it court backing. There was also criticism over last

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THE LAW

week's failure to decide the abortion cases argued earlier this term, before Rehnquist and Powell were seated. The preliminary vote was reported to be 5-2 in favor of declaring anti-abortion statutes unconstitutional. However, Rehnquist and Powell apparently voted with the dissenters to hold the case over for reargument next term, and Marshall, who had already written a draft of the majority opinion, joined them because he thought it would to end abortion prohibitions on the same day the death penalty was thrown out.

That batch of back-courtroom gossip followed a story by the *National Observer's* Nina Totenberg reporting that the court had had its first racial incident. Justice Marshall had asked for a rescheduling of a judicial conference so that he could attend the funeral of a relative. When Chief Justice Burger found that the new date would conflict with the funeral of former Justice James Byrnes, which he felt a duty to attend, the conference was switched back to the original date. No one told Marshall about the change: the conference was held, and cases were debated and decided without him. Marshall thereupon sent an angry memo of protest to the Justices, and he told friends, according to the report, "Apparently the funeral of a white man is more important than the funeral of a black man." Embarrassed, the Justices held the conference over again with Marshall present.

When he learned that TIME was checking on the incident, Marshall broke a five-year-old practice of never talking to newsmen and denied ever feeling "any racism on the part of my colleagues. I never use the word black anyway. I use Negro." The racial overtones thus seem to be untrue, but Marshall did not deny sending the memo, and he conceded, "Certainly there are tensions. There are bound to be."

Shocked. Another example of these tensions occurred when Justice Stewart invited John Kerry of the Viet Nam Veterans Against the War to sit in the box reserved for guests at the court's public sessions. Justice Blackmun told Stewart that he was "shocked and appalled" by the incident.

At the center of the court's division is the Chief Justice. Though courteously and charming, he is accused of operating somewhat highhandedly—"as if he were president of the court," complains one Justice; rather than first among equals. A Justice once had to send Burger a gentle note pointing out that he had assigned an opinion even though he was not part of the majority—a significant departure from tradition. Less significant but rather symbolic was the controversy over the court's bench. When Burger suggested redesigning it so that the Justices could see and hear one another better, he originally considered a V shape with himself at the apex. Other Justices resisted. The bench was ultimately bent in two places so that it now resembles a half hexagon.

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Ready or Not, Here They Come to Miami

American political conventions are perhaps democracy's most spectacular sacrament. H.L. Mencken found them "as fascinating as a revival or hanging," and they are often a little of both. As sheer theater, they are a special American form, a television marathon, a grandiose town meeting staged by DeMille. Yet for all their exuberant buncombe, their stretches of interminable tedium and their gusts of rhetoric, the conventions have the seriousness and the fascination of great political power in transfer.

Part of their fascination is that each convention achieves a being to itself, with its particular cast of winners and losers, its unique settings and vocabularies. The Republicans in '64 ("Extremism in the defense..."), the Democrats in '68 ("The whole world is watching...")—each convention is a special American mirror. So it will be in 1972. In the hot and gaudy placelessness of off-season Miami Beach, the Republicans and the Democrats will broadcast their particular versions of America.

Automation. The Republicans, with the self-confidence of incumbency, a party all but monolithically unified behind Richard Nixon, look forward to an almost automated convention. The G.O.P.'s three days, starting Aug. 21, promise to be a smooth and businesslike affair, with recitals of past achievements, documentaries showing scenes of Peking and Moscow, the First Family waving under the hunting—Pat and Dick and Julie and David and Tricia and Eddie and Mamie Eisenhower—and perhaps some time out for golf. The only real drama should come on the third day, when the President will end months of speculation by answering the vice-presidential question: Will it be Spiro Agnew again? Or former Treasury Secretary John Connally? Or some unsuspected Nixonian surprise?

For the Democrats, the convention that starts next week will be a grand improvisation, one of the most intriguing experiments in the nation's political history. In their four disconsolate and debt-ridden years since Chicago, the Democrats have reformed themselves into an almost formidably democratic party. Working under radically new rules of reform, the party has opened its delegations to more blacks, more young people, more women and fewer old-line

professional politicians than ever before.

One of the aims of party reform was to change the character of the convention itself, to abolish the smoke-filled room and cynically staged yahoos. A certain puritanism lies behind the new rules—all of which must be approved by the delegates. Floor parades with hired hands and conscripted enthusiasts are forbidden. Nominating and seconding speeches for each candidate will be limited to a total of 15 minutes—or so the rules optimistically provide. All but gone will be the endless procession of nominating speeches for favorite sons; now a candidate must prove he has substantial support in at least three states before his name can be put up for nomination. The unit rule, which was voted down at the 1968 convention, is now abolished, ending the 140-year-old practice under which many state delegations voted as a bloc, often under the dictatorship of state bosses. States will vote in an order chosen by lot, not alphabetically.

But the very openness of the convention could make it as fascinatingly confused as any 19th century brawl. Even before it starts, well over 1,000 delegates will have had their credentials challenged. Like masses of cool and hot air colliding in the upper atmosphere, the older party regulars and the new ambassadors of youth, blacks and females will confront one another with sometimes furiously different notions of how to run a convention and, for that matter, a political party. The party platform will be a special battleground, with the black congressional caucus, the National Women's Political Caucus and other groups demanding a voice. Defense spending, tax reform, amnesty, busing—such issues must be struggled over before the nominee is formally chosen, thus making the construction of the platform a doubly complicated task.

Even if it were run with the decorum of a D.A.R. meeting, the sheer logistics of bringing it all together are incredibly elaborate. Miami Beach, a normally garish but placid corridor of resorts and retirement (the median age of permanent residents is 65), is looking forward to the twin bill with a booster's pride and a bit of trepidation.

For the Democratic Convention, 5,000 delegates and alternates will descend. That is only the beginning. Some 35,000 others will be there: Democratic politicians and their staffs and families and about 8,000 newsmen. With 29,000



CONVENTIONS '72

hotel rooms, Miami Beach can accommodate those visitors readily enough. But for months yuppies and others have been promising that thousands of demonstrators will be trooping across the causeways onto the island to make themselves heard. The ghost of Chicago hangs in the air like a dark presence, and many of the locals angrily protested accepting the conventions at all. Besides the incoming street people expected, there is anxiety about the local "Gusanos," the anti-Castro Cubans living in the area.

But the Miami Beach police chief, handsomely named Rocky Pomerance, whose 250-man force will be fortified with reserves of county and state police, along with scores of Secret Service men, FBI agents and Army Intelligence units, promises to keep dissent in reasonably humane control. Flamingo Park, a six-block area near the Miami Beach Convention Hall, has been designated a "free-speech area" for demonstrations. Other protest areas, all bordered by a new \$24,000, 6-ft-high chain-link fence decorated with hibiscus, have been set aside in front of the hall. Youth ombudsmen and housing counselors will be on duty; the Democrats will sponsor a country-and-western music night to siphon off tensions.

Meantime, Pomerance has had his men boning up at Florida International University, studying the philosophy of protest as part of their special training. How many demonstrators will appear remains uncertain, but if violence should erupt, there has been talk that the police have the final tactical advantage of being able simply to block off the island's five causeways.

The Democrats are spending well over \$1.5 million for their convention, while the Republicans will pay almost as much. With a debt of \$9.3 million still hanging over the party, the Democrats are determined this time to make the convention pay for itself. The hosts at Miami Beach have put up \$900,000 in cash and services for the honor of

having the convention: Kentucky Fried Chicken paid \$35,000 for the right to distribute boxed dinners at one evening's session. Among other resources, the Democrats hope to raise \$900,000 from sales of their thick, \$3.50-per-copy convention program. Says Richard Murphy, who is acting as the Democratic National Committee's field general for the convention: "We're the most solvent we've ever been."

Murphy's job has been herculean: in communications alone, 7,000 telephones running through 40 switchboards have been installed—the most elaborate system any convention has ever had. There are direct-line hook-



MIAMI BEACH HOSTESSES

ups to every candidate's hotel headquarters and all the candidates' special trailers, backed up to the Convention Hall. Each delegation chairman will have a red telephone and microphone connected to the podium; this year there will also be a white telephone mounted on the floor for every 15 delegates, so that every delegate can communicate with all others. For the first time, a closed-circuit television system will carry convention proceedings to virtually every hotel room within 30 miles of the hall. For the press, 1,500 telephone lines and 340 teletypes have been installed in the hall.

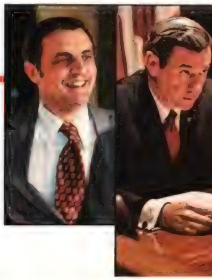
For all such elaborate electronics and for all of the Democratic Party reforms, it may be that conventions have not entirely changed from the days when they were first invented by the Anti-Masonic Party in 1831, or from 1912, when Teddy Roosevelt arrived at the G.O.P. Convention noting that it was "not a place for anybody who doesn't love a fight." In his Republican keynote address in 1948, Illinois Governor Dwight Green accused the Democrats of having "invited the lunatic fringe to share their feast of power." Such rhetoric is sure to be in the air over Miami Beach. As Theodore White wrote four years ago: "One comes to any convention with an anticipatory sense of excitement; there is a game to be played, for good or bad."

The Democratic

EVEN in the little things, George McGovern has luck. Way back in January, the Democratic party staged a "hotel draw" for Miami Beach's elegant Doral On-the-Ocean, the first headquarters choice of several of the contenders. McGovern got the second straw, right behind John Lindsay, and thus will be ensconced with his entourage in 235 rooms at the Doral. With success has come additional need: he holds 299 rooms at eight other hotels as well. Hubert Humphrey (450 rooms) will be at the Carillon, Edmund Muskie (470 rooms) at the towering Americana in Bal Harbour. George Wallace will be off at the Sheraton Four Ambassadors and Dupont Plaza in Miami; he has 150 units, one equipped with a tilt table for his physical therapy. Shirley Chisholm (50 rooms) and Wilbur Mills (200 rooms) are both at the Deauville.

Charisma. The trip and the big suites are no longer necessary for most of the contenders; the Doral is where the action will be. McGovern sweeps into Miami Beach counting on a first-ballot nomination, capping one of the most extraordinary success sagas in U.S. politics. The first to declare for the nomination, he was dismissed as a one-issue candidate, lacking charisma or recognition, a good Senator about to enact the Peter Principle by reaching for a role beyond him. But he had helped write the rules for the nominating process, and his young cadres knew how to use them. They outorganized everybody in sight; McGovern won the key victories and, in the end in California and New York, the big ones as well. He won no overwhelming mandate, but he got the delegates.

Now everyone knows who George McGovern is, but the real George McGovern remains a somewhat elusive and contradictory figure. At 49, he is warrior turned dove, preacher turned politician, a gentle, sometimes boring man whose even exterior masks an obsession to be President, a prairie populist who has become the darling of



THE DEMOCRATS' SCHEDULE

JULY 10, MONDAY. Official call to convention. Credentials report.

JULY 11, TUESDAY. Keynote address. Adoption of platform.

JULY 12, WEDNESDAY. Presidential nominations and balloting.

JULY 13, THURSDAY. Vice-presidential nominee's acceptance speech. Presidential nominee's acceptance speech. Adjournment.

THE REPUBLICANS' SCHEDULE

AUG. 21, MONDAY. Official call to convention. Keynote address.

AUG. 22, TUESDAY. Credentials and Platform Committee reports. Presidential nomination and balloting.

AUG. 23, WEDNESDAY. Vice-presidential nominations and balloting. Vice-presidential nominee's acceptance speech. Presidential acceptance speech. Adjournment.

Principals

chic city liberals. McGovern has a way of uttering ideas thought radical by many in so folksy a manner that even some conservatives come away intrigued.

Despite a willingness to waffle on his more extreme views, he retains an aura of conviction and simplicity. No one really knows whether his success has welled from some deep voter malaise with the way things are—and a concomitant if unfocused demand for change, even along McGovern lines—or whether it has happened because of his superb and dedicated organization.

Humphrey comes to Miami Beach with the second-most delegates, still the happy warrior of what McGovern derides as the old politics, now dressed in mod suits for his third (he is 61) stab at the presidency. He may still be the ablest man in the Democratic ranks, but his all too familiar image and his promises of everything for everyone have hurt him. Still, he narrowly lost to McGovern in California; had he won, it might have turned things around. In a way, the most lugubrious legacy being brought to Miami Beach is that of Edmund Muskie, who seemed to have the nomination locked up before the race ever began—and simply dissolved into near invisibility in the mists of the center where he stationed himself. He was running against Nixon, he believed, and was brought down from behind by the men running against him.

The other also-rans will be in Miami Beach too. Crippled George Wallace, winner of five presidential primaries, his goals and his support still undefined but perhaps dangerous. Shirley Chisholm, black, feminist, sensible, who hopes to use her slender resources to influence issues if not events. House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur

Mills, enjoying every minute in the limelight. Duke University President Terry Sanford, run over by Wallace in his own state. Washington Senator Henry Jackson who, like Muskie, dropped out of primaries midway.

Some of the presidential possibilities—Muskie, Edward Kennedy—have been mentioned for the vice-presidential slot, as have a gaggle of others, including Mills and Sanford. McGovern, who has dropped several names over the months, thinks highly of Florida Governor Reubin Askew, perhaps the most progressive leadership example of what has been called the Emerging South. His main drawback, in purely political terms, is that he favors busing.

Zealous. The conventional Southern-running-mate notion is, of course, only one strategy available to McGovern, and, indeed, in purely traditional terms, Mills would probably do him the most good in reassuring Southern conservatives. But Nixon seems to have the South so well in hand that alternative strategies may be more useful. It is hard to think of a state that McGovern, with Mills on the ticket, could take away from Nixon, and Mills' presence would

hurt McGovern among his liberal following. McGovern has been in trouble with Jews, who worry about his commitment to Israel; the front runner has mentioned Connecticut Senator Abraham Ribicoff as a vice-presidential possibility, but that is unlikely enough to suggest that McGovern may simply have been currying votes. Then again, McGovern may hear the more zealous of his original constituency argue for an ideologically "pure" ticket. Fellow Senate liberals who more or less fit that billing would be Minnesota's Walter Mondale, 44, Wisconsin's Gaylord Nelson, 56, Illinois' Adlai Stevenson III, 41, and Alaska's Mike Gravel, 42.

McGovern could use help with labor and ethnic blocs, which would suggest Muskie or perhaps Indiana Senator Birch Bayh, 44. Former Massachusetts Governor Endicott Peabody has campaigned for the vice-presidential nomination. One intriguing strategy for McGovern might be throwing open the second choice to the convention, as Adlai Stevenson did in 1956. That might conceivably produce Kennedy as a running mate by means of a mass, emotionally rendered offer that Kennedy could not refuse.



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT:
HUMPHREY, WALLACE, MUSKIE,
KENNEDY, MCGOVERN



WALTER MONDALE, REUBIN ASKEW, ADLAI STEVENSON III, WILBUR MILLS

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Elections '72
ABC News 



The New Democratic Delegates

ATENSE, weary Edmund Muskie was making calls to his Iowa delegates. Though his presidential campaign was a shambles, Muskie was beseeching the delegates to stand fast at the state convention. One of them, David Zimansky, agreed, but he warned the Senator: "Of course, I'm going to be pretty tired at the convention. My high school senior prom is the night before."

Something like a revolution is going on within the Democratic Party. Four years ago, the dispirited armies of Eugene McCarthy were lapsing into more private pursuits, persuaded that there could be no place for them in "the System" dominated by an older, entrenched political generation. Since then, the rules of the game have changed beyond easy recognition. The 26th Amendment gave the vote to 18-, 19- and 20-year-olds. At the same time, the Democratic Party's reform commission, chipping away at the encrustations of decades, opened up the party to women, the young and racial minorities as never before.

Bruised. In 1968, 5.5% of the Democratic delegates were black. This year, blacks are expected to constitute 15% of the delegates. Four years ago, women constituted only 13% of the delegates; now they will probably be 36%—still below their percentage in the nation's population (51%), but a 200% improvement nonetheless. Delegates under 30 were only 4% of the total in 1968; this year they will probably be 22%, even though only 20% of the population is 18 to 30 years old. Equally telling is the fact that 45% of the delegates in 1968 had had previous experience in that role. Next week in Miami Beach, 85% of the delegates will be attending their first convention.

Such radical change has been traumatic for many Democrats. The list of old party powers who will not be in Miami Beach as delegates reads like a page from the Democratic *Who's Who*—men of the rank of longtime California Assembly Leader Jess Unruh, Ohio Governor John Gilligan and Boston Mayor Kevin White. Many leaders of organized labor, a key element of the Democrats' national coalition, are bruised and a bit stunned. The AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education had hoped to have 25% of the total delegates at the convention, but seems likely to fall well short of the goal.

One irony of the reforms is that they opened the way for more effective use of the most ancient political techniques. George McGovern's forces simply outorganized the party regulars in many states, leading to charges that county and state caucuses had been "packed." The McGovern zealots were giving a demonstration of canny politics—getting out more of one's own supporters than the other man. Of course it remains an unanswered question whether a convention with high percentages of activists—whether women, blacks or the young—is more truly democratic than a traditional gathering of Mayor Daley-style party men and labor representatives.

There have been some ironic problems. Days before the Illinois primary, for example, McGovern discovered that 14 of his 17 congressional district delegations were violating the rules: many simply had an overabundance of blacks, or of women. In addition, the new guidelines set off an avalanche of credentials challenges; at one point recently, 50% of the del-



CLOCKWISE, DELEGATES HORGAN, PATRICK, KANE, COOK, ARTERTON

egates selected had been questioned. The guidelines, for example, call for women and minorities to be in "reasonable relationship to the group's presence in the population"; some women's groups have taken the rule literally, down to the percentage point. There may be some bitter fights at the convention if potential delegates choose to contest the Credentials Committee's recommendations.

The Humphrey and Muskie delegates are frequently more traditional Democrats, often with past party experience. Some of the other delegates are a fascinatingly assorted breed who display varying degrees of political sophistication and naiveté. A sampling:

► **Betty Ann Pender Cook, 22,** barely out of Washington's Howard University and now pursuing a master's degree in sociology at Atlanta University, decided last fall to run for delegate in Georgia's Fifth Congressional District.

Pledged to Shirley Chisholm, Bet-

Other Key Democrats to Watch in Miami Beach

BYOND the presidential and vice-presidential candidates, attention at the Democratic Convention will focus on some key figures, people who are either instrumental in running the convention or who could emerge as in-

fluential brokers on the floor. Among them:

LAWRENCE F. O'BRIEN. The party's national chairman will also likely be the convention chairman, a chore for which he volunteered. O'Brien, 55, a shrewd, talented political dealer and insider in both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, has been a foist point in his party's comeback from the 1968 debacle, shepherding the Democrats toward party reform and modernization of convention rules, holding the line on financial and emotional expenditure during the primary fights of the campaign year. O'Brien would be a key broker and troubleshooter in case the convention finds itself in deadlock. He showed much foresight in scheduling the event for July, earlier than the 1968 convention, in order to provide

the largest possible margin of time in which to heal the wounds of Miami Beach before the election.

PATRICIA R. HARRIS. A successful black attorney from Washington, D.C., she heads the Credentials Committee, a ticklish assignment in view of the 1,000-odd challenges mounted. Mrs. Harris, 48, was initially opposed by party reformers who contended that she was too close to the old guard (she was L.B.J.'s Ambassador to Luxembourg). Georgia's Julian Bond called her appointment a "cynical trick"; he thinks that O'Brien figured "politicians like myself will be reluctant to oppose Mrs. Harris because she is a woman, because we don't want to be called chauvinist pigs, because she is black." But Mrs. Harris has worked hard to demonstrate her support for reform.

RICHARD E. NEUSTADT. He chairs the Platform Committee, which has distilled the party's planks out of the find-



PATRICIA R. HARRIS, LAWRENCE F. O'BRIEN



ty Ann Cook won in a runoff because her supporters stayed around for the third ballot while more conservative white voters drifted home after the second ballot. The entire campaign cost her \$40—including the price of a couple of pizzas for her husband and a college friend who served as her campaign manager.

► George Kane, 40, is a Perkins County, S. Dak., farmer-rancher who in 1952 became the first in his family to register as a Democrat. As Perkins County Democratic chairman for the past three years, Kane was more knowledgeable than most of the newcomers about how to get elected. Says Kane, "We may be a little green, but we know what we want and who we want, and it's George McGovern."

► For Betty Patrick, 41, it was all a happy accident. A divorced Phoenix,

Ariz., housewife with four children, Mrs. Patrick—or Ms. Patrick, as she prefers—was looking around last winter for a project for an unhappy friend to get involved in, then decided to run for delegate herself.

At first, she says, "I was timid and scared to death." But since her election as a delegate at the state convention, she has become more relaxed and gregarious. "You find out that they're just people," she says. "It's amazing as you study politicians. They get so wrapped up in staying in office that they lose contact with the people."

A Shirley Chisholm supporter, Betty Patrick is now taking lessons in parliamentary procedure and throwing potluck dinners to raise the \$500 she needs to go to Miami Beach.

► Dan Horgan, 41, is an ex-Marine and former mayor of the New Jersey town of South Brunswick. A bluff natural leader and organizer, Horgan took over as McGovern's state campaign director in January. He knows his way around the rougher corners of New Jersey politics but established an easy working relationship with McGovern's younger followers. Before the Wisconsin primary, he told his youthful co-workers that if McGovern won there, he would let his hair grow. McGovern won, and Horgan let his crew cut fill out by three-quarters of an inch.

► M.I.T. Graduate Student Christopher Arterton, 29, went to work for the National Youth Caucus and embraced the McGovern cause. Originally, he was recruiting other young people to run for delegate, but then decided to run himself. "This is a very pivotal year in American politics," says Arterton. "It's very important that we do have a pronounced choice put forward to the electorate in November."

The Republicans' Orderly Beat

NATURALLY enough, the convention of the party in power marches to a steadier beat. In or out, modern Republicans have a tradition of tidier selections—with 1964 perhaps a recent exception—than those of the brawling, robust Democrats. With a sitting and seemingly eminently re-electable President in command, the Republicans are again heading for what looks like a relatively bland \$1.5 million affair in Miami Beach. By all indications, it will be a pageant of party unity, a coronation rather than a contest, a subdued, elegantly appointed spectacular in which the only mystery is the question of the vice-presidential nomination. No major fights, no challenges are in the offing. Richard Nixon has all the votes he needs for renomination. "The President," says Party Chairman Robert Dole, "has got the delegates, and there aren't going to be any credentials fights, so it's going to be a rather harmonious meeting."

The party has already weathered one unforeseen development this year: under the shadow of the ITT affair and amid troubles with local convention facilities, the Republicans switched the convention site from San Diego, the city the President had personally picked. Everything else is well in hand at this point, however, and Richard Nixon, having brushed off the challenges of Liberal Paul (Pete) McCloskey Jr. and Conservative John Ashbrook, will come to Florida in firm control of a united party, assured

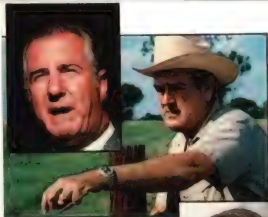
that no major surprises await him.

The Nixon stamp will be all over this convention. The platform will be a Nixon document outlining what the White House sees as the key issues of the fall campaign: the danger of excessive defense cuts will be one of its most visible planks. Congressman John J. Rhodes of Arizona, the chairman of the Platform Committee, has announced three days of hearings for mid-August; his group has also sent out 60,000 questionnaires to people all across the country. Democrats and Republicans alike, to gather views on such controversial subjects as amnesty, Viet Nam, marijuana, crime and health insurance. The White House will have the final word on all of the planks, just as it is even now keeping a firm hand on convention management. Says White House Aide Harry Dent: "It's going to be pretty well automated: Rockefeller's right, Reagan's right, and when they're right there can't be much wrong."

Favorite. Only one colorful uncertainty remains: the vice-presidential nomination. Will Spiro Agnew be chosen again? Or will he be dumped at five minutes to twelve, withdrawing as soon as he learns of the President's wishes? And if that should indeed be the case, will John Connally be the man? There is no doubt that despite his resignation from the Treasury, the Texan remains very much a White House favorite, as evidenced by Nixon's sending him on a 15-nation tour as his personal representative.

ings of a series of ten regional grassroots hearings, from the testimony of the presidential candidates, and from a massive document outlining "issue alternatives" researched by the Democratic Policy Council. Neustadt, 53, associate dean of Harvard's School of Government, comes from outside the professional political establishment; he has been an adviser to three Presidents and is a leading commentator on American politics. His 1960 book *Presidential Power* is a standard reference work on the Executive Branch.

JAMES O'HARA. A little-known liberal Congressman from Michigan, O'Hara, 46, chairs the Rules Committee. His task: to steer toward delegate approval far-reaching changes intended not only to make future conventions fairer, but to divest them of both the boredom and the hoopla—long-winded speeches, planned demonstrations, conscripted marchers.

AGNEW, CONNALLY,
NIXON

Whoever the vice-presidential nominee, the final choice will be a thoroughly political one, and the President does not have to—and probably will not—make it until he finds out who his Democratic opponent is. There are some who believe that if the Democrats nominate George McGovern, Nixon will opt for Connally, in the hope not only of carrying Texas (the only Southern state that went Democratic in 1968) come November but also of picking up the votes of disgruntled conservative Democrats. He might even advertise Nixon-Connally as a fusion ticket of Republicans and



Democrats united against a radical McGovern candidacy. The same theory expands to speculate that if the Democratic standard bearer is Humphrey, Agnew will probably remain on the Republican ticket.

Still, many G.O.P. politicians believe that Agnew retains the inside track. They think that dumping him would anger many Republican conservatives as well as big contributors; if the decision went against Agnew, it would seem to make sense to arrive at it early and gently. Every day that passes without a move from the President thus anchors Agnew. Apparently certain that it will be Agnew again, the Republican Convention management has booked him and his staff into the President's own headquarters hotel, the Doral On-the-Ocean, and there has been no unfavorable reaction to that from the White House.

For all the cut-and-dried aspects of their convention, the Republicans still intend to prove that, as Robert Flanagan of Colorado, the Program Planning chairman, puts it, they are "alive, vibrant and very much with it." They are planning for only three, not the usual four days of convention, mainly be-

cause so little needs to be hammered out. They intend to keep delegates informed and entertained with a complex system of audio-visual presentations in the convention hall. There will be fewer delegates than at the Democratic Convention, and their mix will be more homogeneous.

The Republicans have had their own reform proposals since July 1971, but unlike the Democrats' McGovern Rules, theirs have lacked teeth and have consequently not amounted to much more than recommendations to the state parties. Nonetheless, there are going to be more Republican women in Miami Beach, more Republicans under 30, more blacks and other minority delegates than at the 1968 convention. Four years ago, barely 1% of the delegates were under 30, just over 2% black; this year's figures will perhaps go as high as 15% young and 10% black. Nevada, for instance, will send twelve delegates, among them two women, as well as an 18-year-old who will serve on the convention's Platform Committee; one Nevada alternate is 18, black and Catholic. National Republican staffers, in short, are pleased and surprised so far by the state parties' response to the modest call for reform.

Says Wisconsin's Robert Knowles, the G.O.P.'s convention manager: "We are going to try and make it look like an entirely different, a more orderly convention. Our role is to attempt to display our party as a unified, businesslike party that is capable of running the country."

Other Key Republicans to Watch in Miami Beach

THE Republican Convention will be coordinated and run by a group of trusted Nixon men. Among them:

JOHN MITCHELL. The President's closest political adviser, former Attorney General and 1968 campaign manager has no official role at the convention: as director of the Committee for the Re-Election of the President, his preoccupation goes beyond the convention to shaping Richard Nixon's campaign. But Mitchell, 58, has been closely supervising all convention arrangements in coordination with the White House staff. In the unlikely event of trouble, Mitchell will be in the front rank of the fire fighters.

ROBERT J. DOLE. Nixon has few advocates in the Congress as determinedly—and sometimes abrasively—loyal as the 48-year-old wickedly witty first-term Senator from Kansas, who is Republican national chairman. "As far as I know, the Senator has no hobbies," says one of his aides. "What he's most interested in is getting other Republicans elected." Dole will preside over the first session.

GERALD FORD. As in 1968, the House minority leader from Michigan will

be the Miami Beach convention's chairman. Ford, 58, was mentioned as a running mate for Nixon in 1960 and for Goldwater in 1964. He and the President are close friends.

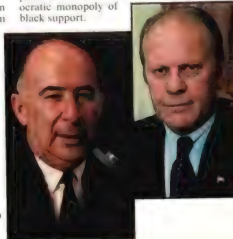
HUGH SCOTT. The Senate minority leader, 71, has always viewed himself as a conciliator among his Republican colleagues—a talent for which there is likely to be little need in Miami Beach. He will keep busy as the President's convention floor manager.

JOHN J. RHODES. The first Republican ever to be elected Representative from Arizona, Rhodes, 55, is the chairman of the Platform Committee. He has predicted that while the platform will be as representative as possible of all streams in the party, the convention will probably become involved in some disputes over fiscal policy and various welfare proposals.

ROBERT KNOWLES. As the convention manager, he could not be happier about the logistical advantages of following the Democrats into Miami Beach's modernistic Convention Hall. A state senator from Wisconsin, Knowles, 56, carried the

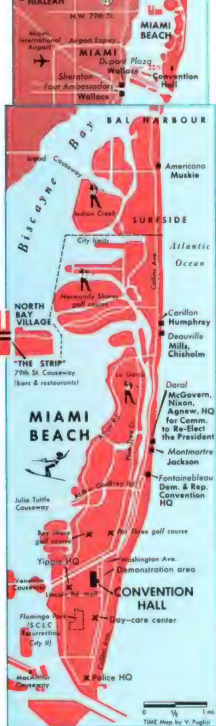
major burden of making up for the seven weeks the Republicans lost in their convention preparations when they had to switch location from California to Florida in the wake of the ITT brouhaha.

EDWARD W. BROOKE. The Republicans may have one keynote speaker or several, each addressing himself to a particular issue. Almost certain to play some keynote role is the junior Senator from Massachusetts. Brooke, 52, would be given that assignment in the hope of breaking up what often appears to be the Democratic monopoly of black support.



JOHN MITCHELL, GERALD FORD

Conventionville



A Democratic Tally Sheet

States and Territories (In order of voting)	V o t e s	1st Ballot					2nd Ballot				
		McGovern	Humphrey	Wallace	Muskie	Others	McGovern	Humphrey	Wallace	Muskie	Others
CALIFORNIA	271										
SOUTH CAROLINA	32										
OHIO	153										
CANAL ZONE	3										
UTAH	19										
DELAWARE	13										
RHODE ISLAND	22										
TEXAS	130										
WEST VIRGINIA	35										
SOUTH DAKOTA	17										
KANSAS	35										
NEW YORK	278										
VIRGINIA	53										
WYOMING	11										
ARKANSAS	27										
INDIANA	76										
PUERTO RICO	7										
TENNESSEE	49										
PENNSYLVANIA	182										
MISSISSIPPI	25										
WISCONSIN	67										
ILLINOIS	170										
MAINE	20										
FLORIDA	81										
NEW HAMPSHIRE	18										
ARIZONA	25										
NORTH CAROLINA	64										
MASSACHUSETTS	102										
NEBRASKA	24										
GEORGIA	53										
NORTH DAKOTA	14										
MARYLAND	53										
NEW JERSEY	109										
VERMONT	12										
NEVADA	11										
MICHIGAN	132										
IOWA	46										
COLORADO	36										
ALABAMA	37										
ALASKA	10										
HAWAII	17										
WASHINGTON	52										
MINNESOTA	64										
LOUISIANA	44										
IDAHO	17										
MONTANA	17										
CONNECTICUT	51										
D.C.	15										
VIRGIN ISLANDS	3										
KENTUCKY	47										
MISSOURI	73										
NEW MEXICO	18										
GUAM	3										
OREGON	34										
OKLAHOMA	39										
Totals	3,016										

Needed to Nominate: 1,509



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Oz Is Back

Newsweek staffers were well into their editorial week last Thursday morning when Editor Kermit Lansner called his department heads together. In typical low-key fashion, he read them a short statement. He will relinquish operational control of the magazine this week, Lansner said, and after a vacation he will move into the newly created post of editorial director.

A company release later quoted him as saying: "After close to 15 years of ed-

he presided over the magazine during a period of financial prosperity and editorial improvement. Lansner, 50, tried to maintain the magazine's quality in his quiet, cerebral way, but during his tenure, *Newsweek*, like many magazines, ran into a cost and profit squeeze and was forced to make cutbacks. Gripes grew as the screws were tightened. Finances aside, morale was hurt, according to several staffers, by what they saw as Lansner's slowness in making firm decisions.

A native New Yorker who was ed-

ED ELLIOTT



ELLIOTT & LANSNER AFTER ANNOUNCING CHANGE OF COMMAND
Gripes grew as the screws turned.

iting at the top level of the magazine, I feel a strong need to get away from the unrelenting day-to-day pressures of the job." Lansner's new duties were defined with something less than precision. He "will be concerned both with the growth of the magazine itself and with the development of other editorial enterprises for the company."

Hard to Follow. If Lansner's surrender of the editor's chair was a surprise, so was the selection of his successor: Osborn Elliott, 47, who was also Lansner's predecessor. In 1969, Lansner took charge of the weekly routine, while Elliott assumed the title of editor in chief and later became president as well. As recently as this spring, Elliott moved still deeper into the business side when he became board chairman in an executive reshuffle (TIME, April 10). He will retain the title of chairman and chief executive officer.

Many staffers greeted the latest change as good news. During nine years as editor, Elliott was popular with the staff. Said one writer: "When Oz was running it, the magazine did very exciting things. Everyone wondered who could replace him. It turns out that the best replacement for Oz is Oz."

The Elliott act was indeed a hard one to follow. Enthusiastic and decisive,

educated at Columbia, Harvard and the Sorbonne, Lansner was an assistant philosophy professor at Ohio's Kenyon College and an editor of *Art News* before he joined *Newsweek* in 1954. Last week, while Lansner talked about "becoming a human being again, even having weekends off," Elliott claimed to welcome his own return to the grind. "It was a long haul," he said of his previous stint as editor, "but now the pressure has cooled, and I'm looking forward to going back in. I guess I'm gung-ho." A former TIME writer who joined *Newsweek* in 1955, he will not say how long he intends to occupy the editor's office this time. But whenever he gets tired of it, two other TIME alumni will be waiting in the wings: Managing Editor Lester Bernstein and Executive Editor Robert Christoper.

Ask Angel

Hi. When I read your article in the paper, I was very happy. Because I have a big problem. It is my sister. She is 16 and I am 11. But she always hogs the bathroom. What should I do?

—Jane

Dear Jane,

Your sister has rights. She is older

than you and she has to look pretty for her boy friends. When you get to be her age you will understand. So I suggest that you just leave her alone.

—Angel

So runs the pragmatic advice of the nation's newest and youngest sob sister. She is Angel Maria Cavaliere, age ten, a carpenter's daughter in Philadelphia who three times a week gives sage counsel to the pre-puberty set in the pages of the *Philadelphia Bulletin*. In only three weeks, "Dear Angel" has drawn more than 1,000 letters from youngsters seeking wisdom on everything from schoolyard bullying to parental restriction.

The idea was Angel's alone. A self-confessed expert at dispensing advice ("There are 39 in my class, and I must have solved problems for all of them"), Angel wrote the *Bulletin* asking: "Please may I have a summer job? I know, I could help people with their problems because I like people." Paul Murphy, assistant to the managing editor of the normally staid *Bulletin*, thought it was worth a try, and the "summer job" may turn into year-round employment. The salary of \$50 a week is not bad by sub-teen standards, and *Bulletin* editors are even thinking of syndicating Angel to other papers so the underage lovelorn elsewhere can benefit from her advice.

The *Bulletin* selects the letters for Angel to answer in order to screen out obscene ones written by what she calls "crankpots." The editors profess a hands-off policy with her copy and insist that it goes out to her followers just as she writes it. Angel ponders three letters for each column, takes an hour to write answers in longhand, then laboriously types them. She works in her bedroom on the second floor of her family's row house, shooting away three younger siblings as deadlines approach and the pressure mounts. Her quick success has made Angel consider giving up her ambition to be a kindergarten teacher in favor of a full-time future career in journalism.

W.F. RANDALL



COLUMNIST CAVALIERE AT WORK
Counsel to the kids.

COVER STORY

The Swinger from Binger

LONG before Rocky Marciano proved that under Marquess of Queensbury rules he could beat up anyone in the world, the late heavyweight champion earned a considerable reputation as a catcher. In fact, he claimed the Chicago Cubs offered him a handsome bonus to sign with their National League baseball club. As the Rock told it, he carefully weighed the choice of careers presented him, and finally selected the spaciousness of the prizefighting ring over the confines of home plate. When asked if she was dismayed by his decision, his mother reportedly replied: "I didn't raise my son to be a catcher."

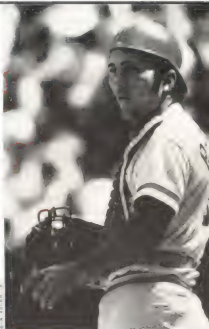
Apocryphal or not, the story makes a solid point. Beyond working the swing shift down at the jute mill or flaying the catch on a tuna factory boat, there are few jobs around as demanding and punishing as that of major-league catcher. But the thought of their own flesh and blood earning a living in a metal-grille mask, sturdy chest protector and plated shin guards doesn't seem to bother Ted and Katie Bench—or even Grandma Pearl. Nearly every day the Cincinnati Reds are in town, at least one of the three treks out to Riverfront Stadium and cheers lustily as the pride

of the family, Johnny Lee Bench, dons his armor and trots onto the field to command the game.

And command it he does, with an agility and aplomb that make him, at 24, the outstanding catcher in baseball today—at a time when the game boasts its finest group of receivers since the days of Roy Campanella and Yogi Berra. From the very outset, in his first full season with the Reds in 1968, the husky (6 ft., 209 lbs.), handsome athlete took charge on the diamond, calling the defensive shots, cutting down base runners like so many cornstalks, and imposing his canny grasp of pitching tactics on temperamental hurlers. Said former Reds pitcher Jim Maloney, eight years Bench's senior: "He'll come out to the mound and chew me out as if I were a two-year-old. And I like it." That was only the half of it. Squealing menacingly at rival pitchers over his high Choctaw cheekbones, the young Oklahoman made his biggest noise at the plate that first year, belting 15 homers and driving in 82 runs—almost precisely as he had predicted he would at the beginning of the season.

Never shy about his talents, Johnny had blithely announced that he would be the first catcher in history to win Rookie-of-the-Year honors, and that is just what he did. He won the Golden Glove award as the outstanding defensive receiver in the National League and set a major-league record for the greatest number of games (154) caught by a rookie. The praise rolled in like panegyrics by 19th century Romantic poets. Chicago Cub Manager Leo Durocher: "Bench is the greatest catcher since Gabby Hartnett." Montreal's Gene Mauch: "If I had my pick of any player in the league, Johnny Bench would be my first choice." Los Angeles' Walter Alston: "He'll be the All-Star catcher for the next ten years." Oakland's excitable owner Charlie Finley saw Bench hit a home run in an All-Star game and promptly wrote out a check to Cincinnati for \$1,000,000—an offer that was instantly rebuffed. Even Ted Williams, the finest student of hitting in history and a man not given to paeonizing, presented Bench with an autographed ball during John's rookie year; it bore the inscription "A Hall of Famer for sure."

Bench calmly accepted all this as his due, and in 1969 went on to sock 26 home runs and drive in 90 runs. But his first two seasons of play were merely a loosening up for 1970. That was the coming of age for Bench and his murderously powerful Redleg team-



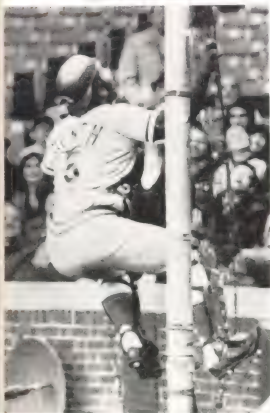
BENCH AT ASTRODOME
\$1,000,000 offer.

mates. Bench walloped 45 home runs and collected a whopping total of 148 RBIs to lead the Reds to their first National League pennant since 1961. He became, in the bargain, the youngest catcher in either league ever to win the Most Valuable Player award.

Then came 1971, a black year for Bench and the Reds. Straining to keep pace with a reputation that was already greening into myth, Bench hit only 27 home runs, and his batting average tailed off to an anesthetic .238. His teammates caught similar bugs and the dreaded Big Red Machine wound up in a disappointing third-place finish in the league's rugged Western Division, behind the San Francisco Giants and the Los Angeles Dodgers. For the first time in his career, Johnny Bench heard boos in thundering waves, and he did not like it. He heard them again at the start of this season as he opened with a single in 22 times at bat. By May 28 "the Little General," as his teammates had dubbed him, was batting a subaltern's average of .246, and the Reds were in third place in their division, 41 games behind the feisty Houston Astros.

Nightmares. Suddenly Bench, with hefty support from slugging First Baseman Tony Perez, Outfielders Pete Rose and Bobby Tolan and newly acquired Second Baseman Joe Morgan, put the Big Red Machine into overdrive. On the second night of an extended road trip, in Houston's discombobulating Astrodome, Johnny cracked a deep fly to left center. The ball caromed off the wall between two springing outfielders, and by the time the relay throws reached the infield, Bench, no whipper on the base paths, had crossed home plate standing up with the first inside-the-park home run of his major-league career. That heralded his return to fearsome normalcy at bat. Before the night

CLIMBING WRIGLEY FIELD SCREEN



ended Bench had rapped a bases-loaded single and cleared the wall in the ninth inning, a blow that gave the Reds a 9-5 victory. The next night Bench capped the Reds' second six-run outburst of the game with his ninth home run of the year. After the game Bench relaxed and said: "Man, I haven't felt so good in two years." Manager Sparky Anderson agreed: "Johnny's looking more like his old self and that sure makes me happy."

Within days Anderson was positively ecstatic. In the next game Bench cracked a single to touch off a four-run rally in the sixth inning as the Reds won their fourth straight from the flagging Astros, 10-3. In the series with Philadelphia, Bench left Phillie hurlers with nightmares that could last the entire season. With the Phils leading 1-0 at the end of six innings, Bob John stepped to the plate and slammed a long drive over the fence, tying the score and eventually forcing the game into extra innings. Eight extra, to be exact, until Bench came up again in the top of the 17th with two men on base, and blasted his second home run of the night to give the Reds their sixth straight win, 6-3. That also gave Johnny a total of seven homers in five games, tying a league record set in 1929 by Jim Bottomley of the St. Louis Cardinals.

Bench's streak did not stop there. Indeed, it became rather spooky. He beat the Phillies again with a double that drove in the only two runs of the game. He conspired with Battery Mate Gary Nolan to whip the Montreal Expos; Nolan won his eighth game in nine decisions as Bench went four-for-six at the plate, driving in three runs. By the time the Reds returned from that astonishing road trip, Bench had collected 21 hits in 51 times at bat to raise his batting average to .306, and had belted nine homers and driven in 24 RBIs. More important to Johnny and his teammates, the Reds were where they felt they belonged—in first place. This time they came home to a cheering crowd of 2,000 at Cincinnati's airport. Several days later Bench received a standing ovation at Riverfront Stadium as he socked his 16th home run of the season. He tipped

his cap rounding the bases, a gesture he had declined to make since the beginning of the season. Last week he blasted another four-bagger off San Francisco Pitcher Jim Barr to bring his totals to 20 home runs and 59 RBIs. No other hitter in either league is even close.

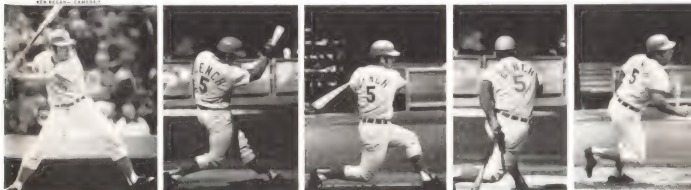
Endemic Injuries. Despite that torrid pace, Cincinnati at week's end was still in a close battle with the Houston Astros for first place in the Western Division. Bench, too, had personal competition from baseball's sudden wealth of gifted catchers. His closest rival for pre-eminence is Pittsburgh's Manny Sanguillen, a favorite among fans for his antic enthusiasm. The scourge of opposing pitchers, Sanguillen stands out even among the Pirates' offensive dreadnaughts. Last week he ranked third in National League batting with a .332 average. Sanguillen, like Bench, belongs to that rare species of athlete that enjoys catching. Says Pirate Coach Don Leppert: "The most important asset a catcher can have is desire. Let's face it, catching is not for the timid. A lot of players have the tools, but they don't like being hit with foul tips or wild pitches and they don't like those collisions at the plate."

In fact, injuries are as endemic to catching as they are to pro-football linebacking. Take the Detroit Tigers' Bill Freehan, for example. Five times a winner of the Golden Glove award and eight times the American League's All-Star catcher, he labored for several years in serious pain until an operation fused his detached vertebrae. Just as he was getting back into form this year, he broke his thumb. Cleveland's Ray Fosse broke the index finger of his right hand three years in a row, and smashed his shoulder in a collision with Cincinnati's Rose during the 1970 All-Star game. Chicago Cub Veteran Randy Hundley, who perfected the one-handed catch that Bench has adopted, was nearly retired at 28 with knee injuries and is playing only part time this season. A few up-and-coming receivers are still healthy, including the St. Louis Cardinals' hard-hitting Ted Simmons and the New York Mets' Duffy Dyer, who

was recently named National League Player of the Week—after replacing the injured Jerry Grote.

Durability has always been an absolute prerequisite for manning home plate. So much so, in fact, that a stereotype was created of the catcher as a slightly more alert version of Steinbeck's fabled Lennie, as a good-natured dolt who blocked pitches and flying spikes by day, then lumbers out of the clubhouse stroking a dead squirrel in his coat pocket. The catcher's cumbersome equipment was even dubbed the "tools of ignorance" by one of the trade's own, "Muddy" Ruel of the old Washington Senators, whose unenviable job it was to bring down Walter Johnson's smoking fastball. But ignorance is not strength in the complex world of the catcher, and it never has been. Pitching may well be 75% of baseball but a savvy signal caller behind the plate can be 50% of pitching. And unlike the pitcher, he is expected to come out of his leg-numbing squat, unbuckle his armor and pull his weight in the batter's box.

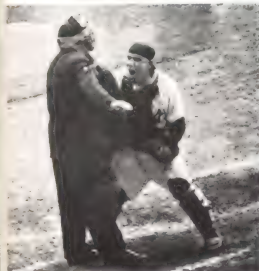
Pure Velocity. Few athletes have the protean talent to do that, which is why there have been only a handful of authentic superstar catchers in the chronicle of baseball. Roger Bresnahan, who teamed with Christy Mathewson on the old New York Giants, was probably the earliest, and Bill Dickey of the 1930s New York Yankees was possibly the greatest. Others in the pantheon are Gabby Hartnett, Detroit's Mickey Cochrane, and an earlier Redleg, Ernie Lombardi, whose style and skills closely parallel Bench's own. It may well be that Josh Gibson of the Homestead Grays in the old Negro League was better than any of them. Then add the Brooklyn Dodger Blockbuster Roy Campanella (TIME Cover, Aug. 8, 1955) and the Yankees' impish Yogi Berra and the list of supercatchers is completed. As for the mental-retardation image, four of the modern seven—Dickey, Hartnett, Cochrane and Berra—became big league managers. There are tragic reasons why the others did not. Gibson's color was—in his era—enough to keep him out of the big leagues. Lomb-



BENCH DISPLAYING POWER-HITTING FORM, CONNECTING & HEADING FOR FIRST
The confident, the imperturbable, the supreme believer.



CAMPANELLA CHASING A POP-UP



YOGI BLASTING UMPIRE
Handful of superstars.

bardi, a gregarious but incomprehensible figure, slit his throat. And Campanella, who might well have become the first black manager in major-league baseball, was paralyzed from the waist down in a 1958 automobile accident (last week he was rushed to the hospital with a serious lung congestion stemming from his paralysis).

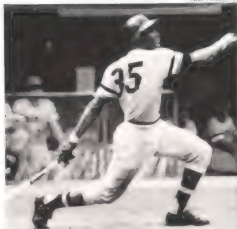
Bench matches any of the greats. His physical assets are spectacular. He is broad (making him a good target for the pitcher), strong and agile. He can hold seven baseballs in one slim paw. But, most impressive, he throws a single baseball harder than the limits of human ability would seem to allow. "I wish," says one wistful Redleg pitcher, "that I could throw the way he does." Bench once proudly announced: "I can throw out any base runner alive." His challenge was quickly met by the best alive, the Cardinals' Lou Brock, who at the time had 21 straight stolen bases to his credit. Brock did not make it 22. Against the Dodgers, Bench picked a runner off second base, cut down another at third, and then, after vacuuming a perfectly executed bunt, rocketed a throw to first to end the inning.

To augment the pure velocity of his arm, Bench has trained himself to do two things: catch the ball with one hand, and cock and fire from a crouch. Originally Bench was a traditionalist: he caught the ball with his left and covered it with his right. Taking the cue from the older Hundley, Bench switched to a hinged catcher's mitt that enabled him to snare a pitch with one hand and thus keep his right hand free—from harm, as well as to throw more quickly. Then he practiced for hour upon hour transferring the ball swiftly from glove to throwing hand while still in the crouch, always making sure that he grasped the ball exactly across the seams so that his pegs to second and third never curved or faded. "I don't even think about it now," he says. "No matter what way the ball comes in, I've got it across the seams by the time I get it back, ready to throw."

Bench is thinking every minute, however—about every batter in the box,

ison with Joe Namath. The comparison is invidious. He is warm, friendly and never overweening. Bench's confidence is the deeply ingrained type peculiar to young men who have always known exactly what they wanted to do in life. As he recalls: "In the second grade they asked us what we wanted to be. Some said they wanted to be a farmer. Some said rancher or cowboy. I said I wanted to be a ballplayer, and they laughed. In the eighth grade they asked the same question, and I said ballplayer and they laughed a little more. By the eleventh grade no one was laughing."

Small Potatoes. Johnny was born in Oklahoma City on the sixth anniversary of Pearl Harbor Day, but raised in the town of Binger (pop. 730), which he describes as lying "two miles beyond Resume Speed." Binger is also near the heart of *Last Picture Show* country (Johnny guffawed appreciatively at the movie's realism). The third son of Ted and Katie Bench (there is also a daugh-



PITTSBURGH'S MANNY SANGUILLEN BELTING DRIVE

But would a mother and father raise their son to be a catcher?



DETROIT'S BILL FREEHAN

every runner on base, every pitch in his battery mate's repertoire. It is his brains and his calm, confident manner that elevate him to a special plateau above the merely superior receivers. He knows better than any of them how to keep his hurlers mixing their pitches, and will not hesitate to cajole or even bully a reluctant hurler into following his commands. Once Maloney shook Bench off repeatedly on Johnny's call for a curve; he wanted to throw his patented fast-ball. Bench persisted, and Maloney finally came in with a roundhouse curve that left the astonished batter gaping at a called third strike. Another time, when Bench felt a pitcher was not putting enough steam on the ball, he shocked everyone in the park by arrogantly catching a listless pitch with his bare hand. Thus chastened, the pitcher bore down hard.

Because Bench is a brash, smooth-talking top-drawer athlete with a lavish bachelor pad in a Cincinnati singles complex, he naturally invites compar-

ter Marilyn), Johnny prospered in the kind of aggressively athletic household that can send a young man to the big leagues or the psychiatrist's couch. His father, a onetime truckdriver and furniture salesman, had been a semipro catcher. It was his idea for Johnny to become a catcher; he reasoned that there was a dearth of good ones in the majors and that catching would be the quickest path to success. Ted even created a Little League team in Binger just for Johnny and his brothers. When that did not work out, he drove them 17 miles to Anardarko to play. Meanwhile Johnny glued himself to major-league games on TV, assiduously copying down ballplayers' bland interviews.

Johnny remained a catcher until his sophomore year in high school, when the coach thought that his formidable arm could be put to better use. As a pitcher, Bench compiled a fancy 16-1 record over two years, "with a bunch of no-hitters." He was also named all-state as a basketball guard as well as

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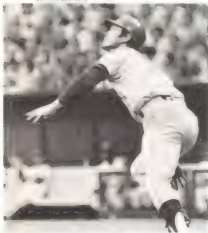
class valedictorian. Why did he give up the glamour of pitching to return to the rigors of catching? "Maybe," he said, "it was because I hit .675 in high school." But Binger was still mighty small potatoes so far as pro scouts were concerned, and Bench was not picked by the Reds until the second round of choices in 1965. He was sent to Tampa in the Florida State League, where he performed indifferently. Still, a coach named Yogi Berra watched his moves and exclaimed: "He can do it all now."

He did it all for Peninsula in the Carolina League in 1966, driving in 68 runs in 98 games before being called to Buffalo. (In a gesture almost unheard of in the minor leagues, Peninsula permanently retired his number.) His beginning in Buffalo was even more negative than his start in Tampa. He broke his right thumb on a foul tip in his first game. Later a drunken driver forced him off the road. Johnny wound up, as he remembers, "with 18 stitches in my

timet that Bench's teammates had left unspoken. "Every day, everywhere I go, it's Johnny Bench. Johnny Bench. Johnny Bench. Johnny Bench. He's not super yet. A superplayer can do everything." Acknowledging Johnny's outstanding play, Bristol complained nonetheless that Bench "doesn't like to be told anything, and he doesn't like to make a mistake—any mistake. He is so intelligent and conscientious that it hurts him to have to be told about a shortcoming."

Player Rep. There were also contract disputes with the Cincinnati front office. Among Johnny's goals is to become the first catcher to make \$100,000, and he decided his time had come after he was named Most Valuable Player in 1970. General Manager Bob Howsam grumbled: "Pete Rose is the only \$100,000 ballplayer on this club right now, and that's the way it's going to stay." Johnny finally settled for somewhere in the neighborhood of \$85,000. Another sore spot with the front office

most ardent fans (a pulse beat ahead of the pretty girls he squires around). To keep his family within easy range of the ballpark, he has moved them to the comfortable Cincinnati suburb of Evendale, where they manage a motel. If anyone is more laudatory than the Benches about Johnny, however, it is the Reds' Pitcher Wayne Granger. Says he: "I think Johnny is more valuable to the Cincinnati team than anyone was to any other team in the history of baseball—and that includes Babe Ruth." Johnny, though he may have mellowed a bit, probably agrees. He remains Bench the Confident. Bench the Imperturbable, the supreme believer in his own worth. As he once put it: "There are too many false things in the world, and I don't want to be part of them. If you say what you think, you're called cocky or conceited. But if you have an object in life, you shouldn't be afraid to stand up and say it. I want to be the greatest catcher ever to play the game."



METS' DYER RACING TO FIRST

Ignorance is not a strength in the complex world of the catcher, and it never has been.



CARDS' SIMMONS CHASING RUNNER



INDIANS' FOSSE MAKING TAG

head and my left arm laid open." When he returned in 1967, however, the hand was apparently healed, one of every four Bench hits was a home run, and he was called up to the parent club toward the end of the season, just before he was named Minor League Player of the Year.

Since that time, Johnny's career has been even more astronomical. But even astronauts run into trouble now and again. One problem was the size of Johnny's head, which was literally 7 1/2 but figuratively swollen far beyond that size. Johnny defended his jaunty ways. "If you aren't cocky as a catcher," he said, "you aren't doing your job." Fan and media adulation mounted. Bench was called on to do a two-minute role in a *Mission: Impossible* episode; he muffed it slightly by stepping off on the wrong foot in a parade sequence. He jokingly told a sportswriter banquet: "I know what it means to be a success. I can read it in your eyes." Dave Bristol, then the Reds' manager, voiced a sen-

was Johnny's extracurricular activities. Bench the athlete is fitfully possessed by the singer *manqué*, and debuted Las Vegas after the 1970 season. He also toured Viet Nam with Bob Hope and devoted a good deal of time to his financial enterprises: an auto dealership, a bowling alley (which failed to work out) and a Cincinnati outfit called Professionals Inc., which handles athlete endorsements.

Shored by the relative disaster of the 1971 season, Bench has toned down a bit in the past year. Furthermore, many of his problems were the inevitable byproducts of instant celebrity; however he may have occasionally abraded their sensibilities, he has always been a popular figure in the clubhouse. This year, in fact, he was elected the Reds' player representative in recognition of the great effort he put into the players' strike.

But Johnny's parents remain his

BENCH GETTING FAMILY WELCOME



Waiting for Bobby

Where was he? Nobody in Reykjavik, Iceland, knew, and the tension last week was palpable. Teams of reporters roamed the airport, waiting, watching, checking. Icelandic Airlines officials in New York kept two seats open on every flight—just in case. But where was he? Meanwhile, carpenters put the finishing touches on the 3,000-seat Sports Hall in Reykjavik. Lighting experts checked and rechecked the lighting. Eight closed-circuit TV cameras, five telex machines, three movie cameras and one huge projector were set up. But where, oh where was he?

Suddenly, late one night, there he was, sitting in a coffee shop at New York's John F. Kennedy International Airport. Spotted by newsmen and jostled by photographers who crowded in around him, he ran across the waiting room, bolted out the door and disappeared into the parking lot. Later it was reported that he had actually checked his bags for a flight to Reykjavik, but miffed because of the lack of proper police protection, he demanded his bags back and then disappeared again. One thing was certain: when Icelandic Airlines Flight 204 finally departed, Chess Grand Master Bobby Fischer was not on board.

Elegant Game. Such were some of the cat-and-mouse games being played before this week's scheduled opening of the world championship of chess between Fischer and Russia's Boris Spassky in Reykjavik. It was bizarre that the orderly, elegant old game could be at the center of such a ruckus. But then ruckus-raising is Fischer's specialty. Four years ago, he withdrew from international competition, accusing the "lying, cheating Russians" of denying him the world title that was rightfully his. Eight

months later he stormed right back, knocking off one grand master after another to win a crack at the crown in Reykjavik. Then, on the eve of the showdown, he went into hiding, began delivering ultimatums and kept tournament officials waiting and wondering if he would ever show up. Fischer's demand was a familiar one: he wanted more money. Not satisfied with a record purse of \$125,000 and 30% of the lucrative TV and film rights, Bobby wanted an additional 30% cut of the gate receipts for the match at the Sports Hall.

Fischer's demands and demeanor did not sit well with the Russians or the chess community. Tass, the Soviet news agency, complained about the "disgusting spirit of gain that Fischer carries around with him. It is characteristic that his spokesmen are lawyers and not chess players. Wherever Fischer is, money ranks first, pushing aside all sporting motives." Said The Netherlands' Max Euwe, former world chess champion (1935-37) and the president of the Fédération des Échecs (F.I.D.E.), the world governing body of chess: "I don't like Mr. Fischer in our chess world. He's a good player, but every day we are getting another ultimatum from him like this." Then Euwe issued an ultimatum of his own: if Fischer did not show, he stood to lose his right to play for the world title "not only this time but perhaps forever."

Fischer (who was hiding out with a friend, Grand Master Anthony Saidy, in Bayside, a community in the New York borough of Queens, while the controversy raged) was adamant. For years he has charged that the Russians were conspiring against him and that F.I.D.E. was controlled by Moscow. During negotiations for the site of the match, Fischer was just as troublesome and demanding. It took months of wrangling to settle on Reykjavik, and even then Battling Bobby was not satisfied. "Iceland, with all due respect, is just too small and primitive to handle an event of this size," he said. "Their hall is inadequate and so is their lighting. But the worst thing of all is that there is no way to telecast the match from Iceland to the U.S. or even Europe. That's why the Russians picked Iceland. They know they're going to lose the match, so they figured they might as well bury it."

Waging a War. Meanwhile, back in Reykjavik, the rumors were flying thick and fast. HAS FISCHER ALREADY ARRIVED? headlined *Timinn*, the Reykjavik daily, speculating that Bobby had slipped into Iceland. The Icelandic Chess Federation said that it had already spent \$200,000 on the match, or \$1 for every man, woman and child in Iceland, and could not afford to give Fischer a share of the gate. Fred Cramer, vice president of the U.S. Chess Federation and Fischer's representative in Reykjavik, moaned: "You don't know what we've been going through. We spent over \$1,000 on phone calls

MILESTONES

Born. To Arthur Schlesinger Jr., 54, twice winner of the Pulitzer Prize for historical writing (*The Age of Jackson* in 1946, *A Thousand Days: John F. Kennedy in the White House* in 1966), once an aide to Kennedy and now an adviser to the McGovern campaign, and Alexandra Emmet Schlesinger, 36: their first child, a son; in Manhattan.

Engaged. Susan Scott Agnew, 24, daughter of the Vice President and coordinator of volunteer services for a Maryland hospital; and Carroll William Stein, 30, field investigator for the Maryland department of employment and social services. It will be the first marriage for both.

Divorced. John Unitas, 39, veteran quarterback of the Baltimore Colts; and Dorothy Unitas; on grounds of incompatibility; after 18 years of marriage, five children; in Reno. Whereupon Unitas married Sandra Louise Lemon, 28, a Miami secretary.

Died. Charles Tazewell, 72, Broadway stage actor and founder of the Brattleboro, Vt., Little Theater, who in three days in 1939 wrote *The Littlest Angel*, the children's Christmas tale that became an international classic; in Chesterfield, N.H.

Died. Raymond P. Holden, 78, poet, novelist and editor; of leukemia; in North Newport, N.H. Holden's first love and special talent was verse, and he published several collections of sensitive, tightly constructed poems (*Granite and Alabaster*, 1922; *Natural History*, 1938; *The Reminding Salt*, 1965). His varied career included three years as executive editor of *The New Yorker* (1929-32) and stints as a brokerage-firm research analyst and a financial editor. Under the pseudonym Richard Peckham, he also wrote mysteries.

Died. Jean C. Witter, 80, honorary board chairman and co-founder in 1924 of Dean Witter & Co., now the fourth largest investment banking firm in the U.S., in Piedmont, Calif.

Died. Nat ("Mr. Boxing") Fleischer, 84, light historian and founder of *Ring* magazine; in Manhattan. The merger of the New York *World* and the *Telegram* in 1931 brought about both the end of Fleischer's employment as sports editor of the latter and the start of his full-time devotion to *Ring*. For half a century the magazine's ratings of contenders, plus Fleischer's encyclopedic *Ring Record Book*, built Mr. Boxing's reputation as one of the sport's leading authorities and most pugnacious defenders. "There are just as many thieves in boxing as in banking," he once admitted. "Only not such big ones."

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Building a New Paris

Standing atop the Arc de Triomphe, the American gazed in silence over the panorama of Paris, traditional city of light, of elegance and romance. Finally he spoke. "This isn't quite what I expected," said Bill Estes, 22, of Atlanta. "But I guess you can't stop progress."

All over the city, from St. Cloud to Montparnasse, from Place d'Italie to Belleville, there are signs of building, burrowing and bulldozing. Some 60 new skyscrapers puncture a skyline once graced mainly by domes and spires; one cluster of tall buildings even crowds the Eiffel Tower. A superhighway cuts along the *quai* on the Right Bank of the Seine where Utrillo once painted his cityscapes while patient fishermen waited for the carp to bite. The Place Vendôme, Place de la Madeleine and the Avenue Foch have been gouged to accommodate layer on layer of cars in subterranean parking garages. It all adds up, reports TIME Bureau Chief Charles Eisdendath, to Paris' biggest urban renewal since the 1850s, when Baron Georges-Eugène Haussmann tore up much of the medieval town and started creating his city of symmetry, parks and long vistas.

Like Haussmann's work in its time, the new changes are stirring some impassioned outcries. Last year 100,000 Frenchmen petitioned in vain to save Les Halles, the old central food market that Emile Zola described as "the belly of Paris." The market has now been

moved to more functional quarters in the suburbs, near Orly airport, and a giant commercial center called the Plateau Beaubourg will rise in place of the old vegetable stands. Last month there were demonstrations against plans for an expressway along the Left Bank. "Today for the first time within memory," says Etienne Mallet, urban-affairs critic for the daily *Le Monde*, "people are going into the streets to protest against new construction."

Is the city of light becoming the city of blight? Not really. The ardent reaction is partly due to the fact that Paris remained virtually unchanged for half a century. Unlike Berlin or London, it escaped bombing during World War II and did not have to be rebuilt. Nor are Parisians like American city dwellers, who see constant demolition and construction as necessary signs of economic health. Paris remained recognizably the place described by Proust, Hemingway and Fitzgerald—stylish, intimate and lovely. That was part of its charm, and any change thus comes as a shock.

The fact is that change was needed—and badly. Few visitors realize that Parisians do not really like to live in tiny walk-up apartments without adequate plumbing. (At last check in 1968, fully one-third of the city's housing lacked private toilets.) Even worse, Paris was clearly being overwhelmed by "le boom." Though the city (pop. 2.5 million) continually loses people to the suburbs (pop. about 7,000,000), the vast majority of jobs are in town. That means

commuters and commuters mean cars. Every weekday, 900,000 automobiles flow through Paris, and there are only 150,000 parking spaces on the streets of the central city.

But *le boom* also provided enough frames for officials to do something about Paris' troubles, starting with the car. In accordance with a Gaullist master plan devised in 1965, a six-lane highway called the *Périphérique* now girdles the city, diverting traffic from the center. For those who insist on driving downtown, huge new subterranean parking garages containing spaces for 30,000 cars have been constructed, with another 15,000 under way.

New Subways. What the planners would much prefer is that commuters leave their cars at the city gates and use mass-transit lines from there on. To that end, the Métro subway system is carrying out a 20-year program of expansion and renovation that will ultimately cost \$1 billion. It has already built parking lots with 24,000 places at the outermost stops. It has extended lines into the suburbs and added express service. Métro stations are being scrubbed and renovated. New ones, like Auber and De Gaulle, boast modernistic kiosks and boutiques.

The traffic improvements would be pointless and expensive—they eat up half of Paris' \$270 million annual budget—if taming the auto were the officials' only goal. But that is just part of the master plan, entitled the "Grand Design for the Year 2000," and its mandate is clear: as with Les Halles, industry will be moved from the core of the city to its outskirts, and white-collar jobs will be dispersed as well. The economic life of the city is to be decentralized and integrated with that of the suburbs.

Already the process is under way. The Citroën auto factory on the Left Bank, one of Paris' biggest employers, is moving to Aulnay-sous-Bois. Its 50-acre riverfront site near the Eiffel Tower will enlarge the area known as "Front de Seine," a complex of high-rise apartments, supermarkets and offices. To relieve the housing shortage elsewhere, 70,000 new apartments are being built in a half-dozen major developments—all of them high-rise—scattered on the outskirts of the city.

The most ambitious project of all is at La Défense, almost three miles west of the Arc de Triomphe. There a forest



Parisians call the cluster of bland apartment towers downstream from the Eiffel Tower "le quartier américain." Near by, in Boulogne, a new 50,000-seat sports stadium is designed to give the impression of graceful action. The 62-story tower of the gigantic Maine-Montparnasse complex ruptures the city's classic skyline, to the anguish of many Parisians. In the foreground, the ornate roofs of the Grand- and the Petit-Palais, built at the turn of the century,





Gracing a Paris bridge, a small Statue of Liberty emphasizes the contrast between old and new apartment buildings on the Seine's Left Bank. At the new Defense district, office towers and a ceramic mural create a Manhattan like scene. But even New York has no subway station like Auber, where a bank and a confectionary occupy brightly lit "igloos."



ENVIRONMENT

of towers is being built to provide offices for 100,000 white-collar workers and homes for 2,100 families. Some 12,000 people already work at La Défense for big companies like Esso and Dunlop. When finished in 1977, it will be a satellite worthy of any city, complete with parks, elevated pedestrian walkways and shopping centers.

"In France," Baron Haussmann said confidently in 1859, "a good act well explained is always an act sanctioned." Alas, not all of the present planners' changes are "good acts." Nor do they all cohere. Where Haussmann had almost dictatorial control over his efforts, six separate government agencies share responsibility for the present rebuilding program. As a result of poor coordination, mistakes do happen, like the 35-acre Maine-Montparnasse project. It violates the intent of the Grand Design by adding to an already congested part of Paris 1,000 apartments and offices for 7,000 workers in a 62-story tower. The damage that the Montparnasse tower has done to Paris' proud profile has caused the largest outcry of all the rebuilding in the city—and helped move Paris Prefect Jean Verdier last week to announce new rules to reduce the permissible height of new buildings in the heart of Paris to 80 feet.

Haussmann had taste as well as authority. His successors often lack his sense of design. Most of the new buildings are as bland and expressionless as a child's wooden blocks. (The new sports stadium at Parc des Princes in Boulogne is an exception.) Commented *L'Express*: "There is no excuse for the wretchedness of French architecture."

Vandalized. As Parisians are learning, poorly designed buildings harm more than their immediate surroundings. The city's great visual axis, from the Place de la Concorde through the Arc de Triomphe, will be vandalized by the satellite city of La Défense. Not only will Défense's tall towers clumsily bracket the magnificent arch, but the development authority last week announced a new office complex that will actually block the view through the arch. It is like drawing a curtain across one of Paris' most famous vistas. Because the project is official, it apparently will not be stopped.

The authorities are responding to some outcries, however. A hotel project on the fashionable Right Bank has been shelved, and plans for the expressway on the Left Bank have been modified so that it will be hidden. These belated actions point toward a new attitude about urban grace. If its promise is realized, the Paris of the future will be a vastly different, and more manageable city than it is today. The suburbs will be the bustling, growing, changing centers of activity. Central Paris, the Paris of lovers and tourists, will remain much as it has been for a century, its improvements largely invisible and underground, its newly scrubbed monuments intact and inviolate.



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Americans Can—and Should—Live Longer

COMPARED with many other peoples, Americans do not live very long. Though the U.S. leads the world in most measures of material success—personal income, production, profits—in life expectancy it ranks only 24th for men and ninth for women. American men live an average 67.1 years,* and American women 74.6 years. Men survive longer in most Western European nations, as well as in Japan, Israel, Greece, East Germany, Australia and some other countries. Indeed, in Norway, Denmark and The Netherlands, men live longer than 70 years on the average; in Sweden, the world's leader, male longevity is 71.9 years—almost five years more than in the U.S. While U.S. women do appreciably better, they still rank behind women in Sweden, The Netherlands, Iceland, Norway, Denmark, France, Canada and Britain.

People almost everywhere are living longer than ever before. Because of pestilence, war and famine, plus a dreadful rate of infant and maternal deaths, the ancient Romans survived to an average age of only 22. By the Middle Ages, longevity in Western Europe had risen to 33 years; a century ago it was up to 41. In the U.S., life expectancy has jumped dramatically since 1900, when it was only 47 years. But practically all the gains were

EAT, DRINK,
AND MAKE
MONEY



made between 1900 and 1950, as medical advances defeated the great killers of the young. The average length of life rose about four years in each of the first five decades of this century (see chart). In the two decades since 1950, however, it has gone up only 1.5 years for men and 3.5 years for women.

One reason that the world's richest nation ranks so low is that, unlike Denmark or Japan, it is a huge and heterogeneous country. Many of its people, particularly nonwhites and rural folk, do not receive the benefits of sound nutrition and medical care. For much of the rest of the population, the good life does not contribute much to long life simply because Americans tend to overdo things. They consume too much in the way of calories and cholesterol, nicotine and alcohol. Overeating causes high blood pressure and strokes. Over-smoking contributes to arteriosclerosis and lung disease. Overdrinking leads to cirrhosis and brain deterioration. In addition, Americans often work too hard. The hard-driving, competitive, demanding life of the meritocracy brings many insults to the body, and particularly the heart. The death rate for men from cardiovascular disease is 50% higher in the U.S. than in Western Europe and 25% higher than in Canada.

*There is a great gap between races. U.S. life expectancy for white males is 68.1 years, for nonwhite males a distressingly low 60.5.

Numerous studies of nationalities show the high price of American overworking, overworrying and overconsuming. For example, Jews in the U.S. have a higher rate of heart disease than Jews in Israel; the same is true of Japanese in the U.S. compared with Japanese in their homeland. The rate of heart disease runs highest in the nation in Rhode Island, New York and Pennsylvania—all heavily urbanized states that have much stress, crowding and pollution. The rate is lowest in Hawaii, Alaska and New Mexico, where the living tends to be slower and easier.

A person's profession has much to do with life expectancy. Clergy, scientists and teachers live longer than the average. Supreme Court Justices often live beyond 80, and their mortality rate has been 29% lower than the national average for men. The reason seems to be that these jobs offer regular hours and a minimum of pressure and tension. By contrast, a study of journalists listed in *Who's Who* showed that their mortality rate was almost twice as high as the others in that compilation of achievers. Whatever their jobs, people generally stay alive longer if they are allowed to work beyond 60 or 65, instead of being forced into idle retirement. Says Professor Erdman Palmore, an associate at Duke University's center for the study of aging: "If an aging person maintains a worthwhile social role, it keeps him physically and intellectually stimulated. He is motivated to take care of himself." The Soviet Institute of Gerontology states that "man could live longer if he were allowed to work longer." Yet the trend in the U.S. is toward earlier and earlier retirement.

There are all sorts of indications that people live longer when they have a feeling of belonging and being loved as well as a sense of purpose and direction. When the British in World War II united closely to face a common enemy, the death rate from suicide and alcoholism dropped to almost zero. Everywhere in the world today, married people live longer than those who are single, divorced or widowed. For example, the coronary thrombosis death rate in Britain is 40% higher among widowers than among married men of the same age.

Clearly, Americans as a people should strive to live longer. This notion does not contradict the rising cries for population control; even the most zealous advocates of Zero Population Growth would hardly dispute that those already alive should realize the biblical promise of threescore years and ten, or even fourscore. Nor does the idea of adding years to life in the immediate future have much to do with the longer-term efforts of biologists and gerontologists to extend life by vastly altering man's body through the injection of steroids, enzymes or other medical marvels.

It is easy to say that life in the U.S. could be extended if people would only eat, drink and smoke less; work for more years but at a slower pace; find a sense of purpose and direction; and get at least a little love. All of that is desirable—and some of it attainable for many—but to accomplish it for the country as a whole would demand a difficult if not impossible reordering of American society and its priorities, not to mention a considerable shift in the individual American psyche. Certainly the Government should seek to extend longevity by attacking poverty, increasing the quality and availability of medical care, and educating the public about the dangers of overindulgence. At the same time, however, there are other immediate and practical steps that can be taken to increase the life span of many Americans.

These steps involve a national assault on three kinds of death for which U.S. rates are shockingly high: homicides, accidents and infant mortality. All three exercise a particularly cruel and unneeded form of population control that debilitates the nation. Reason: they strike the young, people who otherwise would have their most productive and cre-

ative years ahead of them. To make the nation a healthier, safer place in which to live the U.S. could:

REDUCE THE RATE OF HOMICIDES. Homicides are more common by far in the U.S. than in any other industrial nation except France; there were 15,800 in 1970 alone. Many of the victims were young; homicide is the second highest cause of death among people aged 15 to 24. Psychologists can argue over the reasons for the large number of U.S. homicides, the frontier tradition, the explosive tensions of the ghetto, the fanning of violence through TV and film. But one fact is indisputable—most homicides involve guns. And guns are shockingly easy and cheap for any murder-minded malcontent to buy. Since the turn of the century, more than 800,000 Americans have been killed by privately owned guns. The yearly toll is now 21,000, which includes 8,000 homicides by handguns as well as suicides and gun accidents. Certainly if the U.S. adopted a strict and sensible federal gun-control law, homicides would decline substantially.

IMPROVE ITS INDUSTRIAL SAFETY. The U.S. has a scandalously bad record in this area. On-the-job accidents caused 14,200 deaths last year; in addition, 2,300,000 workers suffered disabling injuries on the job, and some of the victims will undoubtedly die prematurely as a result. These numbers could be reduced if the Government forced the states to adopt stricter laws to prevent such accidents. Federal law should control not only dangerous tools and machines but also cancer-inducing chemical fumes and asbestos particles. Congress last year put into effect a new Occupational Safety and Health Act. While the act is a move in the right direction, it is underfunded and underenforced, and should be toughened.

REDUCE ITS AUTOMOBILE FATALITY RATE BY AT LEAST ONE-HALF. Auto accidents are the leading cause of death of American children, teen-agers and adults under 25, and the third highest cause of death among people aged 25 to 44. Since the auto was invented, it has killed 1,800,000 Americans, more than in all the nation's wars. Last year's toll was 55,000. At present rates, one out of 40 living Americans will some day be killed by a car.

That rate could be cut if the states would pass laws making the wearing of seat belts obligatory. Local police would enforce the law, passing out summonses to drivers or riders caught unbelted. Crash-injury experts estimate that auto deaths could be reduced by at least one-third if everybody used seat belts all the time. Only a minority of drivers do so now. Further, tough federal standards should be enacted for the licensing of drivers. Some states and localities are inexcusably casual in granting licenses to obvious incompetents. Children of 14, mental defectives, drug addicts and even people collecting aid-to-the-blind payments can get licenses in many states. Most drivers are tested only once in a lifetime, under ideal conditions at low speeds. Undoubtedly a federal law should require periodic tests and stricter standards.

In addition, Congress should pass a law that would at

long last crack down on drunken drivers, who get away with murder. Half of all fatal accidents involve drivers who have been drinking. The U.S. would be wise to emulate the Scandinavian countries. In Sweden, police routinely stop drivers and test suspected drinkers. Anyone with more than 0.05% alcohol in his blood (about one cocktail or two strong beers for a 165-lb person) is sentenced to as much as six months in jail, usually at hard labor. That is more than many a U.S. drunken driver gets for causing a serious accident.

DO MUCH MORE TO SAVE THE LIVES OF NEWBORN CHILDREN. Infant mortality is higher in the U.S. than in 20 other nations and territories. Indeed, the U.S. rate is almost double that of Sweden or The Netherlands, where high-quality, state-supported medical services are easily available to all people, whether rich or poor, urban or rural. Last year 75,000 American infants died within one year of birth. A disproportionately large number of these were born to mothers who were young (under 20), poor and/or black. Either because of lack of education or lack of money, such women often get little or no prenatal or postnatal care. The infant mortality rate among American nonwhites—31 per 1,000 live births—is nearly twice as high as for whites.

Surely the nation's record would improve if Congress adopted a national health-care program, which has been proposed in varying forms by leaders as disparate as President Nixon and Senator Kennedy. Beyond that, a state-supported medical program would raise the nation's life expectancy by providing health care for millions who cannot now afford it.

These steps are only a beginning, but they would have immediate benefits. If the number of homicides in the U.S. were reduced by half, average life expectancy would rise by 1 year. If the overall rate of auto, industrial and other accidents were also cut in half, bringing it down to the lowest level now recorded in industrial countries, average life expectancy would rise by 65 years. If the infant mortality rate among nonwhites could be reduced to that of U.S. whites, life expectancy would rise by 15 years.

Taken together, these actions could quickly increase average longevity in the U.S. by about a year. More than that, they would add up to whole lifetimes for many of the young, who now die or are killed prematurely. Certainly the expansion of life is well within the reach of a people who like to think that they can accomplish anything they set out to do—and it is well worth setting as a national goal. ■ Marshall Loeb

LIVES THAT ENDED TOO SOON: ACCIDENT ON THE KANSAS TURNPIKE



MODERN LIVING

Tennis, Everyone?

Tennis, anyone? The now famous drawing-room comedy line was delivered back in the '20s by a young actor named Humphrey Bogart. He projected an image of white-flanneled, upper-crust tennis player that lingers to this day. Yet in the last few years millions of Americans of every age, class and color have taken up the game. The number of outdoor courts is increasing at the rate of 4,600 a year, and indoor facilities have doubled since 1969 to more than 500. By all accounts, tennis is the fastest growing participant sport of the 1970s.

There are two major reasons for the phenomenal spurt of growth. One is the new glamour of big-time tournament tennis, which is partly the result of an infusion of big money into the pro circuit and vastly increased television exposure. Equally important is the enduring national concern for physical fitness and the fact that tennis gets you there faster. Or so its devotees claim, even though orthopedists are doing a big business these days treating tennis elbows, ankles, knees and backs.

On Rooftops. Despite such problems, tennis buffs are spending \$267 million a year on paraphernalia ranging from \$25 tennis shoes to \$385 tennis cannons that fire practice balls. In big cities and affluent suburbs reserved playing space is also costly. The newly organized Love 40 Club, built atop a midtown Manhattan skyscraper and

covered during the winter with a bubble, will charge 200 to 300 tennis addicts an average of \$1,500 a year for a weekly hour on one of the club's courts. Love 40 is open from 7 a.m. to midnight.

Not surprisingly, tennis has become a popular lure in new housing developments. "For every potential customer who talked about golf we found three who wanted to talk tennis," said Jack Gaines, developer of a 9,000-unit condominium subdivision called Inverrary on the outskirts of Fort Lauderdale, Fla. He put in 20 courts. There will be 48 outdoor and two indoor courts and 106 plush town houses at Lakeway World of Tennis, now abounding near Austin, Texas. When not actually playing, Lakeway residents can watch closed-circuit television broadcasts of instructional films and professional matches. Or swim in a huge pool shaped like a tennis racket with strings painted across the bottom and a handle painted on the concrete deck.

Although most clubs and public parks have pros, the new players often seek more intensive training. In 1969, when All American Sports Inc. opened its first three-week tennis camp in Beaver Dam, Wis., 20 children attended. This summer there are four All Amer-



SERVING AT GARDINER'S TENNIS RANCH
Tobbies turn into tigers.

ican camps with 670 children and 626 adults learning the game. Above Manhattan's Grand Central Station, Tennis Pro Clark Graebner has set up a clinic which last year attracted 5,000 students to its 24-hr.-day, seven-day-week sessions. For \$50, tennis buffs get eight hours of concentrated practice with a ball machine and videotape recordings to see what went wrong. There are also more lavish teaching setups like John Gardiner's Tennis Ranch in Carmel Valley, Calif. There, 20 students at a time spend \$450 for a grueling five-day immersion in fundamentals and tactics. Gardiner's exhausting program is embellished by rubdowns from a masseur who used to work for the Gabor sisters and lessons in "yoga-tennis"—a scheme that is supposed to teach tennis tabbies to psych themselves into becoming tigers. Although most of Gardiner's clients are middle-aged, he also conducts three-week summer clinics for adolescent racketeers.

On the Streets. This summer there will also be matches in the ghettos—courtesy of two soft-drink companies. Pepsi-Cola's program will use mobile units, which upon reaching a site in low-income sections of New York, Boston and Philadelphia will stop, mark out a playing area on the street, pop up nets and backdrops, and hold court. The National Junior Tennis League, partly funded by Coca-Cola, is even more ambitious. After a slow start three years ago, it will operate this summer in more than 20 cities, reaching 30,000 youngsters. The idea, says the league's director Ray Benton, is to imitate the spirit of pickup basketball games. "We grab the kids off the street and put them on the court right away, hitting the ball," he says. "We just give them bright-colored shirts, encourage them to yell for each other, and let them go." These programs, says Black Tennis Champion Arthur Ashe, "are tapping a new reservoir of talent and drive. You will find more athletic, agile, stronger kids playing the game in the future."

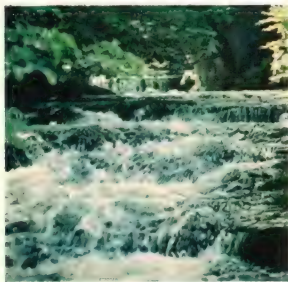
The Living Find New Use for Hallowed Ground

THEY are living it up in Illinois cemeteries. Because of a shortage of parks, the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Chicago now allows bicycling and sometimes baseball in the graveyards it maintains. At Mount Carmel there is a lake stocked with fish for local anglers. Although

the idea came from people who bicycled to visit family plots, John Philbin, director of the archdiocesan cemeteries, admits that "some of the lot holders are uptight." Yet most of them relax once they realize that gambling does not take place on the graves.



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CINEMA

Made of Myth

THE GREAT NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA RAID

Directed by PHILIP KAUFMAN

Screenplay by PHILIP KAUFMAN

The outlaws in this movie are born of history but made of myth. Jesse James is crazy, a killer by blood and pleasure. Cole Younger, equally deadly, is shrewder, less skittish. Both are bandits who become political heroes, leaders of a gang of irregulars who ride through Missouri warring against the new railroad that is appropriating the farm land.

The movie's action springs from an 1876 vote by the Missouri house of representatives to give full amnesty to Cole, Jesse and their assorted brothers and buddies. The house speaker, bribed by the railroad, decides that the entire motion is out of order. This sits fine with Jesse (Robert Duvall), who fancies his "guerrilla raids," but Cole (Cliff Robertson) wants the pardon. To raise money for a counter-bribe to the speaker, the gang sets off to rob a bank in the small town of Northfield, Minn. Cole knows for a fact that the money is waiting for them inside the vault. He has seen it in a vision.



ROBERTSON & DUVAL RELAXING BEFORE BANK ROBBERY IN "RAID"

Down-home movie corn and the rhythm of a folk song.

Director Philip Kaufman, here making his first major feature, serves up an eccentric, erratic mixture of subdued imagery, flamboyant dialogue and down-home movie corn. The movie remains a series of set pieces never made whole, and the ending invokes a facile and familiar irony. The yarn about "that last great raid" contains echoes of many other films and film makers, most markedly Arthur Penn (*The Left Handed Gun*, *Bonnie and*

Clyde) and Abraham Polonsky (*Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here*). Those are two decidedly congenial influences, however, and Kaufman has the ingenuity to spoof and comment on them and other sources even as he takes advantage of them.

He has a whole baggage-car load of deputies riding the rails after Jesse and Cole, led by Alan Pinkerton himself and clearly modeled after the superposse in *Butch Cassidy and the*

Mercurys ride better. We couldn't say it

We tested Mercury's ride against some of the world's most expensive luxury cars. And beat them. Then we put Mercury's ride to some even tougher tests. Each time we came up a winner.

What makes Mercurys ride better? The way we make them. To get a better ride, you've got to build a better car. It's that simple. Mercurys are built better to ride better.

Better idea for safety: buckle up!



The Personal Size Mercury Montego MX Brougham.

Sundance Kid. The difference is that this posse never does make any real headway. The deputies seem to spend all their time growling and oiling their rifles, and when the train finally stops, Jesse and Cole are never in the neighborhood.

An economical film maker, Kaufman never dawdles over an image. His editing is deliberately ragged, setting up the equivalent visual rhythm of a high-spirited, rough-edged folk song. Both Robertson and Duvall are a pleasure to watch in their roles. For all its flaws, *The Great Northfield, Minnesota Raid* is the kind of first movie so rich in texture and invention that we can look forward to a lot more from Philip Kaufman.

■ Joy Coscs

Survival Course

LA SALAMANDRE

Directed by ALAIN TANNER
Screenplay by ALAIN TANNER
and JOHN BERGER

This is a witty, quietly savage little amorality play about a resilient young nymph named Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier) and the two men she seduces, outrages and finally confounds.

Pierre (Jean-Luc Bideau) and Paul (Jacques Denis) are self-professed intellectuals who are hired to write a film script about an incident in which Rosemonde, a worker in a sausage fac-



BULLE OGIER IN "SALAMANDRE"
The physical approach.

tory, allegedly tried to shoot her uncle. Paul insists on using a documentary approach, interviewing Rosemonde, questioning her motives about what she insists was "an accident." Pierre would rather re-create Rosemonde totally out of his own imagination. The collaborators agree each to follow his own course, then compare notes.

The problem is that Rosemonde's character does not yield to either form of inquiry. She resists all approaches

but the physical. It is her defense and, as both Paul and Pierre come to realize, her means of survival. One day, walking in the country near her home, Pierre pulls a notebook out of his pocket and scribbles a passage that compares Rosemonde to the salamander, a creature that can survive any trial, even fire.

The scene is a little clumsy for such an understated film. Swiss Director Alain Tanner also betrays an unfortunate tendency to hone a point or a joke until it loses its edge. In one sequence Rosemonde is shown at work, standing beside a machine that stuffs sausages inside skins with regular bursts of phallic efficiency. The image is funny and outrageous at first, but Tanner holds it longer to convey Rosemonde's glazed boredom, then longer still, as if congratulating himself on his own cleverness.

La Salamandre is a cool movie, reminiscent of such Eric Rohmer films as *My Night at Maud's* and *Claire's Knee*. But where Rohmer teases the intellect, Tanner pierces the jugular. In *Salamandre's* best moment, Pierre returns home, ashamed of his affair with Rosemonde and eager to confess to his wife. She listens to the whole story, nods, then nonchalantly reads Pierre a passage of supreme irrelevance from Heine. He goes back to the city to find Rosemonde. At least she is alive.

■ J.C.

if we couldn't prove it.



The Big Mercury Marquis Brougham

Better ideas make better cars.

MERCURY

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



June, 1970. Mr. and Mrs. Dabney Coleman of Beverly Hills have a tea party in a Mercury Marquis — without spilling a drop.



Jan. 1971. Marquis' ride is rated better than a \$16,000 limousine and a \$26,000 European touring car in official blindfold test.



June, 1971. Even at 60 mph, a phonograph needle stays in the groove while a Mercury Montego travels over 7 miles of typical roadway.



June, 1971. 36 out of 50 blindfolded professional chauffeurs rate the Marquis' ride superior to a \$34,000 European limousine.



July, 1971. Joset Briffel splits a Currier diamond now worth \$125,000, while riding in a Marquis over cobblestone streets at 35 mph.




Dec. 1971. Personal size Montego's overall ride is rated superior to our competitor's best selling full-size car almost 2 to 1.



Jan. 1972. Sixth grade penmanship champion matches her prize-winning style while riding in the back of a Montego station wagon.



Feb. 1972. A Mercury Montego carries high explosive nitro carbol connected to a sensitive detonator, over rough Texas terrain.



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When you're a six-year-old on the telephone, your whole world can hang on a wire or a cable. We make millions of miles of it each year. And every single bit gets the kid glove treatment.

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Western Electric

We make things that bring people closer.

Garner Ted Returns

"Garner Ted Armstrong, where are you?" The familiar pitchman's voice wasted no time answering itself: "I'm alive and well and on the air on this radio station!" So he was, on stations across the country, once again soft-selling the messages of the Worldwide Church of God. Earlier this year Garner Ted Armstrong had slipped mysteriously into exile, apparently having committed some nameless disgrace before his church and its founder, his imperious father, Herbert W. Armstrong (TIME, May 15). Now he has eased back onto the scene, staying out of sight in the church's home base, Pasadena, Calif., but resuming his popular radio and TV messages.

The W.C.G. membership was informed of Garner Ted's return at the end of May in a pair of letters from father and son. The senior Armstrong promised that the "work of God" would now take "the greatest lunge forward [it] has ever taken," particularly in Garner Ted's TV broadcasts, which would have "a wholly new format" stressing prophecy and repentance. Garner Ted, sounding properly contrite, acknowledged that he had been spending the past several months in an A-frame in the Colorado mountains with his wife.

No one has yet revealed what Garner Ted's sin was, but even unfriendly sources now doubt that it was some moral transgression like adultery. Some speculate that it was a disagreement with his father on a few of the W.C.G.'s more arcane beliefs. Others suggest that Garner Ted all along wanted to switch his shows from documentary format to more direct preaching and that he has actually won the battle with his father.

A recent issue of *Christianity Today* reports that W.C.G. income may have dropped as much as 40% since Garner Ted's departure. Herbert Armstrong's letter denied any actual loss in revenue, but acknowledged that 1972 receipts have not grown as much as expected. In announcing Garner Ted's new campaign, Herbert told members that the W.C.G. was in "serious financial need" and asked them to dig deep to support the great lunge forward.

The Fruits of Misbelief

Three out of every four U.S. Lutherans do not believe that Jesus told jokes. Eight out of ten do not think that he felt sexual attraction. More than half, on the other hand, have no trouble believing that Christ "knew everything all of the time," seven out of ten have no doubts about his divinity, and eight out of ten believe that he rose physically from the dead. In short, conclude the authors of the remarkable new study from which these statistics are taken,

Lutherans in the U.S. "reflect the ancient heresy of separating the two natures of Jesus Christ... [They] over-emphasize the divinity of Jesus almost to the exclusion of his humanity."

The distinction is not academic, the authors say; it is crucial. They found that "those who most emphatically de-emphasized the humanity of Jesus tended to be more generally resistant to change, more authoritarian and more prejudicial in their attitudes toward others; while those who more clearly recognized our Lord's humanity or kept their view of his two natures in balance, tended generally to be more ready to take the initiative on church and public issues and to be more forgiving in their relationships with others."

Assured Classic. Called *A Study of Generations* (Augsburg Publishing House of Minneapolis; \$12.50), the new study is probably the most exhaustive ever made of an American denomination and seems assured of becoming a classic. It cost \$425,000, took 2½ years to complete, and drew on a nationwide sample of 4,745 Lutherans between the ages of 15 and 65, representing the three major Lutheran denominations: the Lutheran Church in America, the American Lutheran Church and the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod. In all, the lengthy questionnaires answered by the respondents produced some 7,000,000 pieces of information. The four researchers who compiled it all, Lutheran Clergymen-Psychologists Merton P. Strommen, Milo L. Brekke and Ralph C. Underwager and University of Minnesota Sociologist Arthur L. Johnson, contend that the findings can be applied accurately to all 6,000,000 confirmed members of the three denominations.

The most provocative sections of the study deal with what the authors call "misbelief"—various Lutheran attitudes that seem to be responsible for what they regard as serious Lutheran faults. In a much-publicized 1966 work, *Christian Beliefs and Anti-Semitism*, Sociologists Charles Glock and Rodney Stark maintained that orthodox Christian beliefs—measured by such doctrines as miracles, life after death and a personal evil force—lead circuitously to anti-Semitism. The Lutheran survey, say its authors, shows to the contrary that Christian orthodoxy and anti-Semitism are not related, but that prejudice, including anti-Semitism, is clearly linked to various kinds of misbelief.

The Lutheran investigators say that Glock and Stark did not use correct standards for Christian orthodoxy, since belief in miracles, in life after death and a personal evil spirit is common to many religions. Instead, the Minneapolis researchers used a larger set of indices to define the "heart of Lutheran piety." These include a definite belief in a transcendent order of being (encompassing

life after death and the miraculous) but centered strongly on a loving God who provides for man through the saving grace of Jesus Christ. This "Gospel-oriented" orthodoxy, as the authors call it, apparently produces greater compassion toward his fellow man on the part of the believer.

The Lutheran study does not deny that prejudice exists. About two out of five Lutherans reject people who differ from them in life-style, values or belief: Communists, homosexuals, drug addicts, "hippies" and Students for a Democratic Society are their most despised targets. About one out of five Lutherans shows some prejudice toward Jews. But the prejudiced Lutherans, A



MARTIN LUTHER WITH 95 THESES
A fear of practical atheism.

Study of Generations asserts, are not authentically orthodox. They tend to be "law-oriented" rather than Gospel-oriented. Law-oriented Lutherans show a distinct need for religious absolutism and a marked intolerance for change. In the authors' stinging words, they are people who would exploit both religion and society "for personal peace and pleasure." They would also "tyrannize man, impose a Utopia, and win heaven by doing the works of the law." Such attitudes, the authors conclude, exemplify what Lutherans have historically feared as "practical atheism."

Sociologists and students of religion will be studying and arguing over the survey's findings (and some of its admitted inconsistencies) for years. Already the study seems to give the lie to one cherished American cliché—that sincerity, not content, is the test of belief. If the findings successfully stand up to rigorous examination, modern sociology will have demonstrated what traditional Christian thinkers have long contended: that the fruits of misbelief may be harmful social attitudes.

RELIGION

Tidings

▶ At first, the \$1.50 paperback looks like another inspirational spin-off of the Jesus Revolution. Bearing the title *The Life Story of Jesus*, its slick cover shows a pastel Jesus in red-polka-dot robes (a poster version is available for another \$1.50). But who is the author, Levi Alphaeus? The introduction says he was a Galilean tax collector who "later adopted the name Matthew." He is better known as St. Matthew the Evangelist. A California entrepreneur named Joseph Rank simply took Matthew's Gospel (from the New American Standard Bible, Rank admits), tricked it up in poetic format, big type and plenty of white space, rewrote some passages, and dropped most Old Testament references. The reputable firm of Pocket Books has 100,000 copies of this rip-off in print. A better bargain is Pocket Books' 95¢ *Good News for Modern Man*, the American Bible Society's brisk translation not only of Levi Alphaeus' Gospel, but all the rest of the New Testament.

▶ This spring the U.S. Supreme Court affirmed the right of the Old Order Amish of the U.S. to keep their children out of high school (TIME, May 29). Now the Amish have won a battle with the U.S. Department of Labor—a skirmish over hats. Effective in January, a federal regulation required construction workers of all kinds to wear hard hats. The Amish refused to give up their traditional broad-brimmed felt hat, which they wear as part of their religion, and this spring some 400 Amish workers in Indiana were furloughed from their construction jobs. On their behalf, Attorney John Martin Smith of Auburn, Ind., sought and won an exemption from the Labor Department. No soft-hatted Amishman is likely to demand workmen's compensation for a head injury: the Amish do not accept such insurance as a matter of principle.



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POSTER VERSION OF RANK BOOK COVER
Ripping off a tax collector.

THE THEATER



GUILLIATT & BORDEN IN "JOAN"

Unemployed Saint

JOAN
Music and Book by AL CARMINES

Joan of Arc has been many people to many writers. To Al Carmines, the off-Broadway clergyman-showman (TIME, May 22), she is an idealist with a square build, a butch haircut, a belting voice, and a yen for planting bombs in public toilets for the sake of the revolution.

Carmines' contemporary maid of Manhattan needs no Dauphin to betray her; church, state and even some of her friends vie for that role. She lives in the East Village with Ira the Junkie (Ira Siff) and Tracy (Tracy Moore), a slogan-shouting nobody. The three hail the blessings of unlicensed polyandry by singing "Now we understand the Trinity . . ." Lumbering home one night, Joan (Lee Guiliatti) meets a miniskirted doll (Essie Borden) who is—what else?—the Virgin Mary enjoying a one-day pass from Camp Paradise. The encounter makes a revolutionary of Joan, who goes to her preordained end while a cellmate giggles vacantly and the chorus sings a gospel hymn.

Who was she? No one but a girl out of work, Carmines seems to say. She led no armies, won no victories (not even philosophical ones), and her death succeeds only in radicalizing her mother. Can Carmines make much of an evening of such material? He can and does. He puts together gospel music, ballads and burlesque, juxtaposing idiocy and idealism. He gets good acting and excellent singing from his cast, but Carmines himself is the best show. He sings, acts the Greenwich Village minister and, scrunched over a grand piano in

the dark of the Circle in the Square theater, plays the music for the whole performance without even a drum for company. Neither he nor Joan needs anything else.

■ Robert T. Jones

Willy Loman at Elsinore

HAMLET
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Hamlet is a loser. He loses his father, his crown and the woman he loves. His university chums betray him, his sanity all but deserts him, and at 30, he dies by the poisoned tip of a rapier.

Hamlet is a knowing loser. It is the difference between accident and fate that makes a destiny tragic, and Hamlet recognizes that difference. This militated against Richard Burton a few seasons ago because Burton is viscerally a born winner. It works against Stacy Keach, who seems by temperament to be very much the extravert.

Keach's Hamlet, in the current New York Shakespeare Festival production at Central Park's Delacorte Theater, is not the brooding surgeon of his agonized soul, not a raging, grieving mourner at the yawning grave of all existence. Instead he is a kind of Danish Willy Loman. He would like to be well-liked at Elsinore. He barely sniffs the stench of corruption at the court but is baffled by the toughness of the territory, as if it were New England. And like Willy Loman, he is virtually humorless, unable to season his despair or get a proper perspective on himself. Because he is an extravert, Keach is weakest in the soliloquies, good in all the social scenes, the guying of Polonius, and brilliant in the duel with Laertes, which for feral second-to-second menace has never been better staged.

In *Hamlet*, the supporting players have no choice but to be supporting players, yet in this production one sometimes wonders if they are supporting Hamlet. As Claudius, James Earl Jones has evolved an eccentric interpretation, bubbling with some roughish interior humor and bursting into toothy, malicious glee. Given a riding crop, he might be the head of an old Hollywood studio rather than the ruler of a realm. An oddly placid Colleen Dewhurst makes Gertrude seem more the painted than the panting queen. Barnard Hughes' Polonius is the traditional chalk-dust didactician, but Kitty Winn's mad scene does not come a moment too soon for an Ophelia who makes one wonder what Hamlet ever saw in her.

And yet . . . and yet. Director Gerald Freedman has done something that redeems even his most wayward players. He trusts the play, hews cleanly to the text, and the god of playwrights again performs the dramatic miracle that is forever *Hamlet*.

■ T.E. Kolem

Disassembly line.

It can chew a car to shreds, turning it into a pile of reusable scrap metal in almost no time at all. Fifty cars an hour—mass-reduced to shreds. This is the disassembly line.

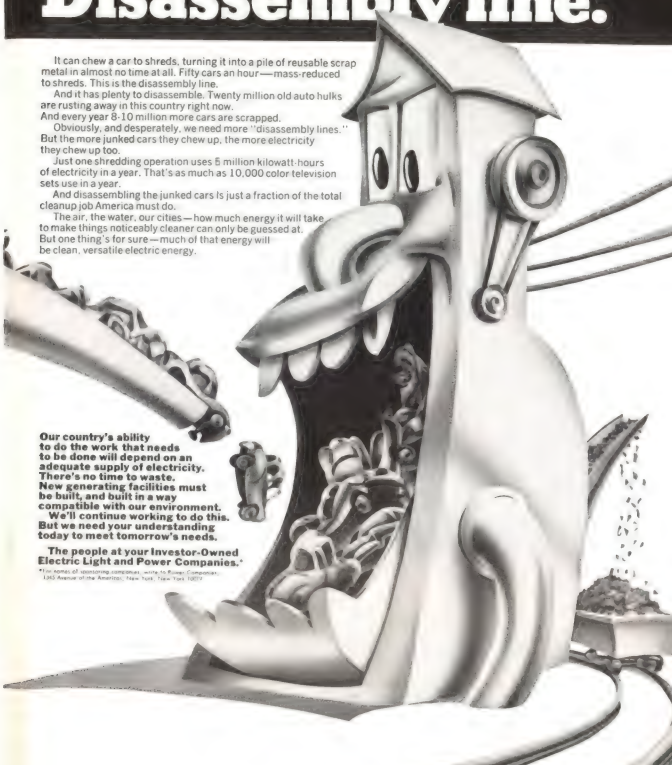
And it has plenty to disassemble. Twenty million old auto hulks are rusting away in this country right now. And every year 8-10 million more cars are scrapped.

Obviously, and desperately, we need more "disassembly lines." But the more junked cars they chew up, the more electricity they chew up too.

Just one shredding operation uses 5 million kilowatt-hours of electricity in a year. That's as much as 10,000 color television sets use in a year.

And disassembling the junked cars is just a fraction of the total cleanup job America must do.

The air, the water, our cities—how much energy it will take to make things noticeably cleaner can only be guessed at. But one thing's for sure—much of that energy will be clean, versatile electric energy.



Our country's ability to do the work that needs to be done will depend on an adequate supply of electricity. There's no time to waste. New generating facilities must be built, and built in a way compatible with our environment. We'll continue working to do this. But we need your understanding today to meet tomorrow's needs.

The people at your Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies.*

*For names of electric companies, write to: Power Companies, 1400 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10017.



you vote for?

He promises to spend your tax dollars wisely.

But see how he spends his campaign dollars.

On a Volkswagen Convertible. Resplendent with a hand-fitted

vinyl top.

A warranty and four free diagnostic check-ups that cover you for 24 months or 24,000 miles.*

And a price tag that makes it the least expensive four-passenger

convertible you can buy.

So maybe this year you'll find a politician who'll do what few politicians ever do:

Keep his promises before he's elected.



INFLATION

Nibbling at Food Prices

WHEN asked by a reporter what Americans could do to hold down meat prices, President Nixon replied, "Don't buy meat." Last week, in a somewhat more positive attack on the food price problem, the President took a couple of long overdue actions that were politically the least dangerous of several options open to him. Because he stopped short of putting controls on the prices that farmers charge, the chances are that his moves will not take much of a bite out of retail food costs.

Nixon put a form of controls on the wholesalers and retailers of fresh vegetables and fruit, eggs and seafood. These sellers—the famous middlemen—will be forbidden to raise prices on the fresh products just to increase their own profit margins; but they will be able to raise the tags if farmers and fishermen charge them more to get the goods. Because farmers are now doing just that as a result of seasonal factors, prices for these foods could well continue to rise.

As for meat, Nixon also removed the import quotas for the rest of this year. It is questionable whether that will make much of a difference in meat prices. On a per capita basis, imports last year accounted for only 11 lbs. of the average 192 lbs. of meat eaten by Americans. Imports have been low, partly because of quotas and partly because of quality. While Americans savor the well-marbled steaks and tender roasts that come from grain-fed cattle, foreign ranchers generally raise grass-fed cattle, which produces leaner meat. In the U.S., imported beef is usually ground up into hamburgers and hot dogs.

Electionomics. The Australians, who are the prime exporters to the U.S., contend that they can step up shipments. But other major producers—in New Zealand, Ireland, Canada and Mexico—may not be able to meet an increased demand. With meat short the world over, producers have developed new markets in the Soviet Union, Japan and other countries.

Nixon might have tempted foreign ranchers to sell more to the U.S. if he had permanently lifted the protectionist, inflationary import quotas. That action, however, would have been bad electionomics because it would have endangered his farm vote. But if prices do not taper off soon, the President may have to swallow hard and put controls on the prices that farmers charge. Farmers would undoubtedly howl that the Government was trampling on free enterprise. Yet they seldom complain about all the controls and subsidies that prop up prices in agriculture, which is one of the most highly regulated and protected enterprises in the land.

MONEY

Holding Up Somehow

Two new agreements governing international monetary exchange acquired their first patches and plugs last week, but they nonetheless held together. Following the shock of Britain's decision to set the pound aloft and thus allow traders to buy and sell sterling for any price that the market might bring, the Finance Ministers of London's prospective Common Market partners hustled into emergency session in Luxembourg. Struggling down disagreements, they made some decisions that calmed matters.

First, to preserve their own fragile unity, they reaffirmed that the value of Common Market currencies should stay



RUSH TO CHANGE POUNDS IN LONDON
Looking for the hard investment.

fixed within very narrow margins and fluctuate only slightly in dealings among member countries. Beyond that, to preserve the Smithsonian agreement, which set the values of the major currencies in the non-Communist world last December, they agreed to buy up any dollars that flooded into their countries. Thus they headed off at least temporarily the possibility of still another dollar devaluation and protected the present values of other weak currencies. Still, there may well be new blowups ahead. A top officer of Zurich's Credit Suisse bank summed up the mood among Europe's moneymen: "We have some very hot days before us."

The mere appearance of faults in the system was enough to cause nervousness among millions of investors and tourists. The free market price of gold rose another \$2.90, to \$64.65 an ounce, as investors took their money out of weak currencies and bought the classic hard investment. On Wall Street, worries about the international money outlook, among other things, sent the Dow Jones average down 30 points in six trading days, though at week's end it recovered somewhat. In France, where distrust of currency is endemic, there was a flurry of investment in real estate and consumer goods. British tourists lost up to 10% of their buying power in foreign countries, nearly twice the official decline after the pound was floated. Because of the general uncertainty, Americans also had to accept discounts for their dollars in European restaurants, hotels and shops.

None of last week's steps eliminated the basic disparities between strong and weak currencies, notably the dollar. Speculators—and prudent businessmen—regularly shift their funds out of weak currencies and into strong ones (see box). The dollar is still quite weak, in part because the supply of U.S. money in foreign countries greatly exceeds demand. Until the supply can be brought down or controlled, the dollar's softness will be an unsettling force in the world.

From \$50 billion to \$70 billion are



now sloshing around the world as a result of chronic U.S. balance of payments deficits. Since last August, when President Nixon froze U.S. gold reserves, foreigners have been barred from exchanging any of this paper for bullion. Washington's international red ink is still gushing; so far this year the U.S. deficit in trade alone is \$2.7 billion—more than all of last year, when the nation posted its first trade deficit in the 20th century.

Europeans are understandably impatient for the U.S. to buy back its own currency somehow, if necessary by selling U.S. Government bonds abroad. For its part, the Nixon Administration is convinced that the U.S. is capable of

running a healthy payments surplus—and thus of repatriating orphan dollars in the course of normal commerce—if only foreign nations would strip down some of their trade barriers against U.S. products. U.S. officials have thus sought to tie trade discussions to any negotiations on long-term monetary reform.

However, the Nixon Administration wants to hold off any real progress on monetary reform until after the presidential election and perhaps longer, depending on the U.S. balance of payment outlook. Many Europeans feel that they will be in a stronger bargaining position when the Common Market's monetary union, now just in its infancy, be-

comes more powerful. The danger in continuing to delay basic reforms is that both sides will keep on meeting each mini-crisis by tacking on still more restrictions on the international movement of capital, ultimately damaging world trade, tourism and investment. Last week West Germany, Switzerland and Japan imposed new restrictions on investments or bank deposits by foreigners in their countries, thus hoping to limit inflationary increases in their domestic money supplies. Should that pattern continue, by the time nations finally agree to start looking for lasting solutions, they may be facing each other across dangerously high barriers that retard economic freedom.

Behind the Currency Curtain: Meet a Real Gnome

WHEN money tremors shake men and nations, heads of state often rush to blame international speculators, who are often pictured as latter-day Rasputins driving the values of currencies up and down by ruthless manipulation. British Laborite George Brown once contemptuously dubbed speculators "the gnomes of Zurich." President Nixon last year damned them for "waging an all-out war on the American dollar." Who are the speculators? And how much clout do they wield in world money markets?

By far the most important dabblers in foreign exchange are not slick and selfish private operators but the sober-sided officers of banks and multinational corporations. Occasionally they try to turn a quick profit by capitalizing on oscillations in the value of one currency or another. But usually they are merely trying to protect a routine sale, loan or investment from loss due to an unexpected dip in some currency. Volkswagen, for example, takes in billions of dollars each year from U.S. sales. When the dollar quivered at the start of last summer's currency crisis, VW executives reportedly transferred as much as \$500 million into more stable German marks. The move was only prudent: the dollar's value relative to the mark eventually slipped 12%, and VW may have saved up to \$60 million.

Cash-rich oil companies like Jersey Standard and Royal Dutch/Shell keep hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of different currencies and move in and out of them on a day-to-day basis. So does the Anglo-Dutch giant Unilever. When a currency seems weak, Unilever's finance managers may send orders to many banks telling them to get rid of it and buy a strong currency. Ernest Woodroffe, Unilever's chairman, concluded recently that the company occasionally "accelerates" international monetary crises by shifting its weight around.

Corporate financial managers relay their wishes to professional currency dealers, who decide where to dump weak currencies, where to pick up strong ones, and at what price to buy or sell. The dealers are the real gnomes, but not many reside in Zurich. Most are found at commercial banks in London, Manhattan and Frankfurt, and some are in Tokyo, Sydney, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

One of them is Reginald Barham, 47, a portly Englishman who is chief foreign-exchange dealer of the Morgan Guaranty bank in London. Barham commands a team of nine dealers in a small office crammed with telephones and Teletype machines that connect with other dealers. On an average day, Barham and his men buy and sell about \$260 million worth of foreign money, and lend and borrow nearly \$1 billion more, largely in Eurodollars. Corporations and banks use the borrowings to finance their speculative short selling of weak currencies.

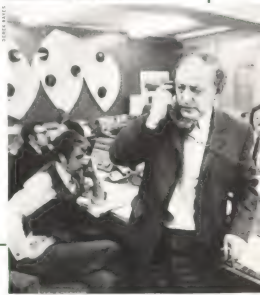
Money dealers often send currencies on dizzying round-the-world telephonic journeys in order to take advantage of minute exchange-rate differences. Barham described one recent deal for *TIME* Correspondent Friedel Ungeheuer: Dealers in London got on the phone to Frankfurt and sold a huge quantity of British pounds for dollars; then they exchanged the dollars for marks; finally they sold the marks in exchange for pounds back in London. The profit was only a microscopic \$0.00085 on each dollar. But if the transaction had involved 10 million dollars, the profit would have come to \$8,500—for just a few minutes' work on the telephone. The potential rewards and the risks have been much greater since last December, when the Smithsonian agreement widened the margins within which currencies can bob up or down.

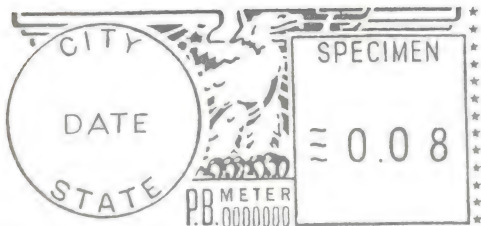
Few currency dealers in Britain earn more than \$25,000 a year, yet generous bonuses draw top talent to cur-

rency trading. The game requires strong nerves, sound judgment, a thorough acquaintance with arithmetic, and the patience to learn the intricate details of currency dealing. In searching for new men, Barham says, he looks "for a gambling instinct hedged by a conservative outlook, free and unencumbered by personal likes and dislikes." A dealer's first obligation is to act quickly to protect his customer.

Finance Ministers and central bankers may set exchange rates, but the marketplace determines whether they will stick. Money dealers run the marketplace. Yet for their part, dealers usually can only aggravate swings in currency values, not create them. What really causes them are public crises of confidence, which are incited by political events, trade imbalances, interest rates and inflation. Says Barham: "All the economic indicators that I need I see around me: property prices zooming by 40% in a year, auto workers getting wage raises of ten pounds, newspapers that cost three times as much as a short while ago. You don't have to look further to know that the pound would eventually be in trouble."

BARHAM (RIGHT) WITH OTHER DEALERS





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MARKETING

Whiskey: Let There Be Light

WITH nearly as much impatience as their fathers sweated out the final months before repeal, U.S. whiskey executives have long been counting the days till July 1, 1972. On that day last week, having aged the required four years, the first batch of light whiskey—a new kind of spirit that goes down more smoothly and has less flavor than bourbon or rye—could legally be brought out of the barrel and bottled for sale. Distillers passed the years of waiting by copywriting names and dreaming up different recipes for some 50 new brands. Yet when the big day finally arrived, many of the whiskey men who had planned to celebrate with a binge of promotion and advertising acted instead like anxious partygoers wondering whether their invited guests really planned to show up.

No Cigars. The Government approved the production of aged light whiskey beginning in 1968 specifically to satisfy U.S. distillers, who had long complained that outdated federal regulations were forcing more and more of the nation's 95 million drinkers to buy imported liquor.* Whereas U.S. tastes increasingly favored lighter-bodied products, especially Scotch and Canadian whiskeys, federal rules forced domestic distillers to keep right on making the same kind of drink that helped win the Old West. For one thing, it had to be distilled at 160 proof or less, while Scotch and Canadian whiskeys could be distilled at higher, taste-reducing proofs. Also, to be considered legally "aged," U.S. whiskey had to be matured in new barrels, which produce a relatively hard taste; foreign whiskey can be stored in used cooperage.

The new rules let distillers make just about what they wanted. Light whiskey is slightly darker in color than Scotch, but noticeably paler than bourbon. Distilled like foreign whiskeys, at high proof, it is later diluted and sold at 80 to 86 proof vs. bourbon's usual 86 to 100 proof. The result is by far the smoothest American whiskey, with a flavor close to that of Canadian. Says Joseph C. Haefelin, research director of American Distilling Co., which is producing Royal American light whiskey: "This is not a big-black-cigar whiskey. It's more a filter-cigarette whiskey."

Every major company in the highly competitive industry has entered the sweepstakes for light whiskey, which will reach some cities early this month and should be nearly everywhere by September. The price for light whiskey

will be about the same as for premium blends, or \$2 a fifth less than for name brands of Scotch. The most widely promoted brand at first will be Crow Light, made by National Distillers (Old Crow bourbon). It has been pitching Crow Light in trade journals with an ad showing a long-haired drinker announcing "a clean break with the past." Seagram, the world's largest distiller, will diversify its Four Roses blend and begin selling a "light blend" under the same name. The company will also have a new light brand called Galaxy. Schenley will introduce no fewer than six light variations of regular products, including J.W. Dant Premium Light, Schenley XL, and Red Satin. American Brands, taking a cue from makers of the fast-selling pop wines, is giving its products names that sound like rock groups, White Balloon and Honey Go Light.

Strangely, there has been almost no hoopla drawing attention to all the new merchandise. Distillers have been permitted to advertise their lights since April, but none has mounted the kind of campaign that usually introduces a new product. True, some companies held up advertising to wait for full national distribution; Executive Vice President Howard Feldman allows that Schenley will support its new brands with a "substantial" ad budget later in the year. But overall, says American Distilling's Haefelin, whiskey executives "are going to stick their heads into the market and look around before they announce their plans."

Crowded Shelves. What they have already seen is not too encouraging for the first couple of years. The proliferation of brand-name tipplés, especially wines, has crowded the shelves of liquor stores and bars. Moreover, several light-looking whiskeys, though not distilled by the process used for genuine "lights," have been introduced in recent months, and they are generally disappointing sellers.* Marketing analysts are convinced that light whiskeys may well catch on—but establishing them could take several years and about \$4 million per brand per year. With domestic whiskey sales increasing less than 1% annually, few companies plan to take on that costly job before consumers are even widely aware that the new whiskey is available. Besides, if the nearly 200 million gallons of light whiskey so far stowed away turns out to be something less than a heavy seller, distillers

*Brown-Forman's Frost 8/80, Publisher's White Duck, Seagram's Four Roses Premium, and Barton's QT.



SMELLING THE NEW DRINK AT AMERICAN DISTILLING



AGING IN THE WAREHOUSE

*U.S. adults drink an average of just over 15 fifths of liquor per year.

BUSINESS

can win back much of their \$2 billion investment. They can mix light whiskey into regular blended whiskeys, so long as they do not call them "light." Says William J. Marshall, president of the Bourbon Institute: "The distillers can use light whiskey instead of grain alcohol to smooth out the premium blends and put on a label saying that the product is four years old."

INSURANCE

They Are All Afraid Of Herb the Horrible

The chairman of a billion-dollar insurance company shouts "Denenberg!" whenever he misses a putt on the golf course because that is the nastiest oath he knows. Other insurance leaders as well as some hospital administrators, doctors, trial lawyers and auto-company executives can barely repress their anger whenever they hear the name. Of all the meddling bureaucrats and thorn-in-the-side consumer advocates who afflict big business, none is so infuriating as Herbert Sidney Denenberg, the insurance commissioner of Pennsylvania.

Insurance commissioners are often bland political appointees who rubber-stamp rate increases, but Denenberg is doing his belligerent best to shake and change the industry. In his first 18 months in office, the red-haired former professor, 42, has made remarkable progress. Ralph Nader, who recommended Denenberg for the job, predicts that he will be "the most outstanding commissioner that the country has ever had." Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp, who is often overshadowed by his headline-making



PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSIONER DENENBERG Pressuring down prices.

employee, tells audiences jestingly: "You may not know me, but I'm the guy who brought Herb Denenberg to Harrisburg."

One of Denenberg's most famous actions was to publish "shopper's guides" showing comparative costs of life and auto insurance policies. The life-policy version (see box) revealed great price variations for roughly the same kinds of coverage. Policy buyers and other state insurance commissioners have sent for more than 50,000 copies of the free guides, and publishers are retailing copies for up to \$2.95.

Over his desk, Denenberg has

placed the Latin motto *Populus iudicium de totius est*, which he translates as "The consumer has been screwed long enough."

To help beleaguered buyers, Denenberg has ordered all the 1,157 insurance companies that do business in Pennsylvania to appoint ombudsmen to hear consumer complaints. He has sent traveling teams of investigators to hear gripes from policyholders in small communities throughout the state. Consumer complaints are pouring in to Denenberg's office at an annual rate of 50,000, up from 25,000 in 1971. He has conducted televised hearings and investigations on just about every topic remotely connected with insurance, from auto repairs to pension funds. "Our game plan is simple," he explains. "We just give the public the facts, and they're appalled. I'm accused of being a publicity hound, but my job is to get publicity, to communicate. Until insurance becomes a matter of breakfast conversation in this country, nothing will happen."

No facet of insurance has escaped him. When Denenberg became upset over the difficulty of replacing a taillight on his state-owned Buick Le Sabre, he made the extravagant charge that General Motors designers made cars hard to repair in order to drive up repair costs for the benefit of dealers and parts manufacturers. With that, G.M. sent two executives to Harrisburg to inspect Denenberg's car. (They claimed it had suffered a "rear impact" that complicated repair of the taillight.) Denenberg has called the present system for paying

Shopper's Guide to Policies

IN "A Shopper's Guide to Life Insurance," Pennsylvania Insurance Commissioner Herbert Denenberg lists what he finds to be the ten best and ten worst buys among the 166 large insurance companies doing business in Pennsylvania. As Denenberg cautions, there are other factors to use in weighing insurance plans, including the quality of the company's service and its financial stability. But he believes that cost is one of the most important criteria.

His comparison is based not on the size of premiums but on what insurance men call the "interest-adjusted cost," which Denenberg insists is the best way to measure a true price tag. To arrive at that figure, he went through a complex series of calculations. First he took the annual premiums on a \$10,000 straight-life policy, which ranged from \$110 to \$417, depending on the buyer's age and sex and the company's price structure. Then he added 4% to the premiums to reflect what a policyholder would have earned on his money if he had invested it "conservatively" in something other than life insurance. From the resulting figure he subtracted dividends and cash value, and got the interest-adjusted cost.

Denenberg's latest list was compiled by averaging out the costs for policies bought by people in three separate age

brackets—early 20s, mid-30s and early 50s. His cost comparisons, arranged in order of most and least desirable:

Best Buys

- 1 The Bankers Life (Iowa)
- 2 Home Life
- 3 National Life (Vt.)
- 4 Connecticut Mutual Life
- 5 Phoenix Mutual Life
- 6 The Northwestern Mutual Life
- 7 Central Life (Iowa)
- 8 State Mutual Life (Mass.)
- 9 Modern Woodmen of America
- 10 Lutheran Mutual Life

Average Annual Cost

- \$61.97
- 64.03
- 66.80
- 67.27
- 67.63
- 67.87
- 68.33
- 70.17
- 70.40
- 70.60

Worst Buys

- 1 Georgia International Life
- 2 The State Life (Ind.)
- 3 Valley Forge Life
- 4 Old Republic Life
- 5 Pennsylvania Life
- 6 Puritan Life
- 7 Security Life
- 8 The Travelers
- 9 Monumental Life
- 10 Government Personnel Mutual Life

- \$119.30
- 114.67
- 113.77
- 113.07
- 112.77
- 111.13
- 110.80
- 110.73
- 110.53
- 110.20

Cross-pollination helps grow ideas.

We make thousands of products, and a lot of them wouldn't exist if not for our other products.

One thing people like about 3M is the wide range of innovative products we offer. Have you ever wondered where those ideas come from?

Let's consider "Scotch-Brite" scouring pads and "Scotch" hair set tape.

Now, it would make a great story if we could say that two of our inventors locked themselves in ivory towers until one magical day when they walked out with the finished product. But that isn't the way it happened.

What happened was that 3M had been exploring non-woven fiber technology. One product that resulted was "Sasheen" brand decorative ribbon. And then a 3M scientist who had worked on that product got

to wondering what would happen if a tough abrasive were somehow incorporated in a non-woven material. After many experiments, and many failures, a team produced "Scotch-Brite" brand scouring pads.

Later, someone else at 3M who was familiar with the non-woven fiber technology that was being explored got the idea

that this could offer a route to a naturally breathable surgical tape. After many experiments, this idea resulted in "Micropore" brand breathable surgical tape. A little more interchange led to "Scotch" brand hair set tape.

This may not seem like a logical way of developing products. But that's what makes cross-pollination so special; the fact that it cannot be programmed.

It's not as simple as saying, "Hey, gang, let's cross-pollinate!" You don't get cross-pollination when everyone is hemmed in by organization charts and little boxes. Because a box can be just a rectangle that goes around someone's name. But it can also be a fence.

You get a free interchange of information when people know they are respected as individuals, and nobody is trying to keep them in one area or out of another.

At 3M, we'd rather grow new ideas than fences any day.



People still count here.

BUSINESS

auto-accident claims "a legalized racket," noting that the Pennsylvania state lottery pays out to winners more of the money it collects (45¢ on the dollar) than auto insurers pay out on claims to accident victims (about 42¢ on the dollar). Says Denenberg: "You are better off with a goddamned lottery ticket."

Denenberg has ordered companies that write fire and homeowner's insurance to offer more and bigger deductibles in order to bring down rates. He has asked the state legislature for authority to make those companies organize assigned-risk "pools" similar to those used by auto insurers to cover any customers who cannot find a firm willing to insure them. Last week, while other state officials in the flood-torn Northeast were praising relief efforts, Denenberg excoriated federal officials for not having publicized federal flood insurance. "A lot of people would have been better off if they had tossed a match to their homes before leaving them," he said. "At least most of them had fire insurance coverage."

Medical insurers have received some of Denenberg's sharpest thrusts. He has denied rate increases to health insurers unless they submit proposals for pressuring hospitals into cutting their costs. To prove that he meant business, he rejected a \$73 million rate increase from the state's Blue Cross group health insurance system and ordered its directors to renegotiate Blue Cross contracts with some 90 hospitals. The new contracts must include 34 cost-control guidelines that he proposed. For example, hospitals now have to buy generic drugs instead of more expensive name-brand drugs. In Blue Cross's defense, Denenberg notes that the system returns 96¢ in benefits for every premium dollar, compared with 53¢ to 58¢ on the dollar for most nongroup health companies. For that reason, Denenberg has proposed giving Blue Cross and other group systems a statewide health insurance monopoly. He has also blasted doctors for performing unnecessary hysterectomies: "They have got everybody's tonsils, and now they are after the uterus."

Enter, the Demons. Governor Shapp, who campaigned as an advocate of consumerism, has let Denenberg exercise near dictatorial power. One day last year, without any advance notice, the commissioner led a group of his young aides—often called "Denenberg's Demons"—into the offices of a major Philadelphia-based insurance company. There they exercised the commissioner's technically legal prerogative of examining all the company's records. "You should have seen the look on the president's face when I asked him to turn over his own correspondence," Denenberg says, adding that the raid turned up a number of "irregularities" that could lead to prosecution of the firm for violations of the state insurance code.

Denenberg's critics call him a fa-

natic and a rabble-rouser. Others doubt the effectiveness of his abrasive approach. "We'd give him high marks on intent, but believe that some of his methods will be counterproductive to the long-range interest of the consumer," said John Byrne, senior vice president of the Travelers Insurance Co. Yet Denenberg's critics uniformly commend his expertise. Born in Omaha and educated at Johns Hopkins, Creighton, Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, Denenberg is one of the nation's few insurance commissioners with a Ph.D. in the subject. As Loman Professor of Insurance at Penn's Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, he wrote four books and nearly a hundred articles on insurance. "He loves to attack the Establishment, whatever it is," says Professor Dan McGill, chairman of Wharton's insurance department. Other colleagues recall that the professor's brashness cost Penn at least \$1,000,000 in contributions from insurance companies. Denenberg says that his Loman chair, endowed with \$500,000 in gifts from insurance companies, was "the worst investment those bastards ever made."

Still, Denenberg denies with tongue in cheek that he is abrasive. "My mother thinks I'm sweet. I just tell the truth. If the truth hurts, that's not my fault. That's the truth's fault." He also rejects the notion that he would enjoy more cooperation from the insurance industry if he dispensed honey instead of vinegar: "Powerful interest groups don't roll over and play dead for you. You have to come on with a strong argument and create intense public pressure, or else changes don't take place." His future? He tells anyone who will listen that insurance is his life's work. "I look upon insurance as a lever to move the world," he says. "There are all kinds of issues that involve insurance—auto safety, rebuilding the cities, health care. I could work the next 100 years and still not get around to all the problem areas."

RAILROADS

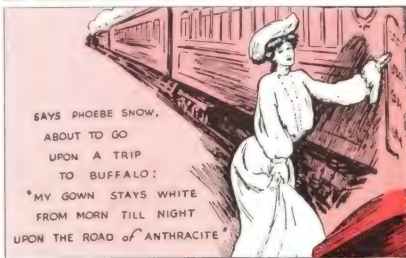
Troubled Scarlet Woman

Railroads are rich in history if not money, and none has been quite so colorful as the Erie Lackawanna. Decades ago, investors commonly called it the "Scarlet Woman of Wall Street" because its stock was manipulated and fought over in some celebrated battles between Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew. Later, the road became known as the "Route of the Phoebe Snow" because of a famous ad campaign that boasted about its clean passenger trains.

Last week the road of the Scarlet Woman and Phoebe Snow was knocked over by Tropical Storm Agnes. Floodwaters damaged 135 miles of track in upstate New York. Directors saw the disaster as the last straw for the cash-starved line and filed for bankruptcy. President Gregory Maxwell hoped that by putting off all debt repayments, the Erie could rework its "unwieldy and overburdening debt structure."

Indeed, partly because of the manipulations of robber barons who controlled it in the bad old days, the line is often cited as having more debt per mile than any other U.S. railroad. Last year Erie persuaded its creditors to stretch out some debt payments. Its deficit shrank from \$8.9 million in 1970 to \$2.1 million last year, but losses mounted again this year due to sluggish steel shipments. Through a series of subsidiaries, Erie is controlled by the wealthy Norfolk and Western Railway. Investors are now wondering what will happen to another line controlled by the N & W, the money-losing Delaware and Hudson. If it went into receivership, it would have plenty of company: of the nation's 68 major railroads, six are in bankruptcy, and the Interstate Commerce Commission officially lists 17 others as teetering on the brink—including the Delaware and Hudson.

EARLY 1900s CAR CARD PROMOTING PHOEBE'S SOOT-FREE TRAIN RIDE



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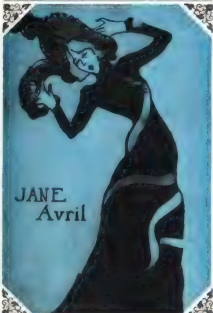
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and Bruckner's complete Symphony No. 4 ("Romantic").

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Pennant in the Wind

SPRING SNOW

by YUKIO MISHIMA

translated by MICHAEL GALLAGHER

389 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

Whatever the critics may think, writers still have a touching faith in the old-fashioned novel, and it is fascinating to see just what products can emerge when a modern novelist sets about writing one. *Spring Snow* is the first installment of Yukio Mishima's latest fiction-

Partly for this reason, *Spring Snow* is hard to evaluate completely now. Word from Japan is that some of its sketchier aspects, notably those dealing with Buddhism and ideas of reincarnation, will be developed later on, changing the emphasis of the whole work. By itself, the book must be judged as an attempt at a grand-scale novel in the 19th century manner. Coming from Mishima, this is a surprise. The material is neither adventurous nor perverse—two qualities often found in his best fiction. The leisurely, well-upholstered prose is far from the impeccable, stripped-down modern style found in previous novels. Ultimately, this new direction is not particularly fruitful. But if *Spring Snow* is a failure, it is a fairly entertaining one.

The characters are members of the Japanese upper class and their retainers; most of the novel's events take place in 1912. The hero is a handsome, dreamy youth named Kiyooki Matsugae, who belongs to a rich samurai family but has spent his boyhood in the household of some splendidly effete aristocrats named Ayakura. There he

awkwardness. Kiyooki is stupefyingly narcissistic, and unfortunately so is the author. He pauses so often to admire his hero and his school friends that at times the prose itself resembles a drowning pool. Some of this satiety may be chargeable to a wordy, flaccid translation. Occasionally, however, Mishima produces sensual writing of great delicacy. Looking at two Siamese princes, Kiyooki reflects: "Such skin must surely seal within itself a cool darkness and constantly refreshes these young men, like a luxuriant shade tree."

Perhaps *Spring Snow*'s most attractive quality is a strain of humor seldom found in Mishima. His Tokyo aristocrats are amusingly caught between East and West, lavishly mounting their ancient rituals and becoming expert billiard players. When Satoko becomes engaged, the palace discreetly passes the word that this flower of culture, versed in poetry and calligraphy, must learn to play mah-jongg because that is her future mother-in-law's favorite diversion. As for her fiancé, the Imperial Highness, his only known opinions are on Western music. When his proud mother asks him to "play something for us," he rises promptly and—in a parody of any child who takes music lessons—marches over to the phonograph.

■ Martha Duffy



MISHIMA IN SAMURAI GARB
Between East and West.

al testament. Three more volumes will follow, the final one delivered to the publisher only a day before the author killed himself by ritual disembowelment (*seppuku*) after his bizarre attempt to foment an uprising in the Japanese army a year and a half ago.

It was a theatrical end to a grandly flamboyant life. Besides his many novels and stories, Mishima wrote a play a year, acted in and directed plays and films, and published scholarly treatises. He gave legendary dinner parties in his Tokyo mansion, which was furnished with exquisite antiques gathered with remarkably eclectic taste. His much publicized "private army" was really a little cadre of idolaters who tried to discipline mind and body according to traditional samurai precepts. Mishima was a protean figure to his countrymen, and a major literary figure around the world. He was one of a very few Asian writers to be heavily influenced by Western philosophy. Why he chose to die so pathetically is a sad mystery.



VISITING NEW YORK IN 1964

acquired "elegance" and the desire to live for emotion alone, "like a pennant, dependent on each gusting wind."

For years Kiyooki has been secretly in love with the Ayakuras' beautiful daughter Satoko, but he can admit to his passion only after she has become betrothed to a royal prince. The inevitable desperate, destructive affair ensues. By the end of the book, Satoko has fled to a nunnery and Kiyooki has died of—God help us all—consumption.

Obviously the trials of this Asian young Werther need to be told with exceptional vigor and skill, but Mishima was no Goethe. Digressions and flashbacks are often handled with surprising

Pictures at an Inhibition

A POLITICAL EDUCATION

by HARRY MCPHERSON

467 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown.

\$10.95.

In Washington, where most political memoirists write in the blood of their foes, Harry McPherson is a kind of vegetarian. A Texas liberal who served on both Lyndon Johnson's Senate and White House staffs, McPherson believes in binding wounds, not opening them. He has a refreshing affection for the processes of government and the fallibilities of the powerful. His sketches and assessments of Washington politicians are unrivaled.

For example, McPherson agrees with the conventional wisdom that Hubert Humphrey is warm, open, self-amused, bursting with affirmation of life. But he also sees Humphrey as a man not ruthless enough to carry through with the consequences of his judgments. Elsewhere, McPherson gets William Fulbright just right: "Bored by the kind of things with which most Senators were agreeably concerned, he was skeptical of man's ability to choose a reasonable course. He sometimes seemed to have a stake in losing, in being isolated and right."

McPherson shrewdly contrasts the congressional personality with the presidential. To be effective, he says, the legislator must master the black arts of the back room; this spoils his image for the general public, which seeks a purer hero for President. John Ken-

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BOOKS

nedy understood this, says McPherson, and shirked his senatorial duties while making himself appealing to the public. To Lyndon Johnson, says McPherson, J.F.K. was the "enviously attractive nephew who sings an Irish ballad for the company and then winsomely disappears before the table clearing and dishwashing begin."

L.B.J.'s congressional reputation, on the other hand, shadowed everything he did in the White House. The press recorded his achievements with "dutiful appreciation," writes McPherson, "but as Grand Prix drivers might appreciate a good tractor." He goes on to cite a typical but unfamiliar example of Johnson cultivating his political spinach: L.B.J. once asked a well-known black leader what he was going to tell the press after his visit to the White House. "Just that we talked over some problems of mutual concern," was the answer. "You can't do that," said the President, worried that the man's constituency would think he had been getting too chummy with the Establishment. "You've got to have demanded action on something," coached L.B.J. "What about Annapolis? The Naval Academy's only got a handful of Negro midshipmen. You brought that to my attention, and I said I would see to it that the Navy changed and got some more black faces in the officer corps. I'll do it right now."

Sympathetic as he is to the problem of exercising power in America, McPherson is not blind to its harsh requirements. A passionate dedication to politics, he feels, often masks a reluctance to come to terms with one's personal problems—a theory "borne out in the careers of many political men, the failure of whose lives as husbands and fathers matched their success in public affairs." McPherson prefers a less zealous, less clear-cut sort of politician, like California's former Senator Thomas Kuchel, who refused to be type-cast as a California Republican. In fact, McPherson could well be describing himself when he describes Kuchel: "I liked him not only for his candor but because he remained in the ambiguity of his situation and refused to succumb to an ideology that would free him from it." ■ Edwin Warner

Summer Notables

SAMUEL DE CHAMPLAIN
by SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

299 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown. \$10.

More than any other man Samuel de Champlain helped create Quebec as a bastion of French commitment to the New World. He made 23 perilous voyages from France to Canada in the years just after the turn of the 17th century. He navigated the coast of New England down as far as Cape Cod, and pursued inland lakes and rivers to their sources exploring New France. He could not swim. He never managed to learn any Indian language. He had al-



CHAMPLAIN SELF-PORTRAIT (1609)

He never learned to swim.

most no-sex life. But he could digest anything. He was also brave and resourceful, as well as the best mapmaker and navigator of his age.

For Historian Samuel Eliot Morison, a World War II admiral and a private yachtsman, Champlain would be a hero for the last two qualities alone. Like Francis Parkman, who tried to traverse all the lands and waters he wrote histories about, Morison has retraced Champlain's paths, starting as a young man in 1906 when he sailed along the French explorer's routes off Nova Scotia and down the New England coast, growing more and more admiring as he remarked how accurate Champlain's soundings and descriptions of such harbors as Plymouth and Gloucester still were after 300 years. In case anyone should doubt, Morison reproduces many of Champlain's highly decorative as well as informative charts, and some of the great explorer's fine sketches of such things as Indian attacks and French settlements. The drawings seem remarkably realistic, although he was not above sketching in an occasional palm tree on the shores of Lake Champlain. Morison roundly deals with the foolishness of the French crown, the vagaries of the fur trade, the hardihood of explorers (imagine mosquitoes swarming inside your steel breastplate) and the rigors of Indian cuisine.

WIMBLEDON, A CELEBRATION

by JOHN MCPHEE and ALFRED EISENSTADT
128 pages, Viking, \$14.95.

About oranges and ecology—subjects on which he has also written—critical opinion of John McPhee may be divided. But he is by far the best tennis writer ever, and this illustrated book demonstrates that skill nearly as well as McPhee's earlier book, *Levels of the*



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BOOKS

Game: That classic turned Arthur Ashe and Clark Graebner into the Hector and Achilles of a center-court Trojan War, and left readers as absorbed, and exhausted, as if they had just sweated and stroked and prayed their way through a lifetime of championship tennis.

This time McPhee splendidly records the sights and inhabits the psyches of a dozen or so great players at key moments during the 1970 matches at Wimbledon. His triumph, though, is a portrait of Robert Twynam, senior groundsman, who for years has exhorted the Wimbledon grass to grow, almost bladed by blade. For Twynam, the empyrean racket men of the age are mainly classified as "toe-draggers, sliders or choppers," in relation to how their profane tennis shoes carve up England's most pruned and perfect piece of greensward.

Alfred Eisenstaedt's photographs are fine, but it is unfortunate he did not cover the same Wimbledon year that McPhee describes.

THE HUDSON RIVER AND ITS PAINTERS

by JOHN K. HOWAT.
foreword by CARL CARMER
207 pages. Viking. \$25.

This well-meaning volume is something between an illustrated catalogue and a cheerful portfolio. It presents the great river from New York Harbor to the Adirondacks in 102 color scenes, most of them reproductions of famous or forgotten painters of the 19th century, when the Hudson River School was flourishing. Many names are predictable: Thomas Cole, George Inness, Frederic Edwin Church, Jasper Francis Cropsey, Thomas Doughty. So are the scenes of shad fishermen, Hudson River sloops, the Palisades, West Point, etc. Their quality naturally varies, not merely as to the paintings but to reproduction, yet the overall range in style, technique and composition is remarkable. Perfectly suited to readers who know the Hudson, or who have returned, out of ecological piety, to something like a Romantic notion of the inspiring qualities of landscape.

Proceeds from the book are going to the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference.

WHEN I PUT OUT TO SEA

by NICOLETTE MILNES WALKER.
191 pages. Stein & Day. \$6.95.

Nicolette Milnes Walker, 28, is a brisk British girl who describes herself as a humanist and hedonist and claims to make decisions by balancing pleasure against conscience. When these conflict too horrendously she flips a coin for or against; but instead of abiding by the toss she analyzes whether or not she is happy with the result and if not, overthrows the coin's decision. Perhaps following such methods—though she admits wanting to get away from it all and to impress men—Nicolette decided

Just what will happen at The Democratic Convention is still open to question.



Who will cover it best isn't.

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Walter Cronkite—CBS News Correspondent
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John Hart—CBS News Correspondent
Covered the '68 campaigns of slain Richard Nixon and Robert Kennedy. Broke the story of Kennedy's candidacy. Accompanied Senator Kennedy throughout primaries in Wisconsin, Indiana, Nebraska, Oregon and California. Floor reporter at both national conventions in '68. Correspondent for such CBS News Special Reports as "Three Minutes—A Conversation with General Westmoreland," "J. Edgar Hoover, 1895-1972." Correspondent CBS News Washington Bureau '66-'70. Anchorman "CBS Morning News," Monday-Friday.

Roger Mudd—CBS News Correspondent
Covers Congress as his regular assignment. Anchorman of CBS News-Southern Desk election night '70. Covered South during Nixon and Humphrey campaigns of '68 and the '70 off-year elections. Covered '68 primary campaigns of several candidates, including that of the late Senator Robert Kennedy. Reported from the CBS News Analysis Studio with Eric Sevareid during '68 Democratic and Republican Conventions. Co-anchorman with Walter Cronkite for the Nixon inauguration. Covered the '66 off-year election. Anchored the Senate Desk that year. Co-anchorman during '64 Democratic Convention. Reported '64 Republican Convention and election night. Anchorman "CBS Evening News," Saturday.

Mike Wallace—CBS News Correspondent
Has covered political campaigns for CBS News since '64. Reported both Democratic and Republican Conventions in '68. Reported political developments in the Eastern U.S. throughout '68 campaign. Covered Richard Nixon and other major candidates during '68 primaries and anchored segments of Senator Robert Kennedy's funeral. Roving political reporter throughout '66 campaign. Managed the Governor's Desk election night '68. Anchorman CBS News Eastern Desk election night '70. Noted for probing interviews with figures including George Meany, Henry Kissinger, Spiro Agnew. Co-anchorman "60 Minutes."

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BOOKS

to sail all alone across the Atlantic.

With minimum fuss she quit her job as a psychologist, bought a sloop called *Atiz* and, last year, made the trip from Wales to Newport, R.I., in 45 days. She was only the third woman to try, the second to succeed.

She writes well about the daily staples of such a trip—neighborly whales and nautical loneliness, gale-force blasts and the odd flying fish landing on deck just in time for breakfast. As skipper she found settling into routine at sea like settling into a new London flat. With no suggestion of gush, she conveys flashes of femininity, reflecting, for instance, on the psychological therapy of perfume even alone at sea. There comes a moment when the disheartened sailor seriously considers turning back but does not, in part because she could just hear those consoling male voices saying "Jolly good effort, for a woman."

She was also, she admits, afraid of having to live with her own cowardice afterward. During one tremendous storm, she called on God for help but afterward reflected that the call had been forced from her in desperation. It was not made, she concludes, in a religious spirit, with faith that it might be effective. "I know what prayer should be," concludes Nicolette, "and my cries did not resemble prayer in any meaningful way." All in all she makes a fine singlehanded sailing companion for any reader. ■ Timothy Foote

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- 3—Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Bach
- 4—The Terminal Man, Crichton (4)
- 5—My Name Is Asher Lev, Polak (3)
- 6—Captains and the Kings, Caldwell (2)
- 7—A Portrait for Foxes, McClary
- 8—The Settlers, Levin (8)
- 9—The Exorcist, Blatty (6)
- 10—Memoirs of an Ex-Prom Queen, Shulman

NONFICTION

- 1—The Boys of Summer, Kahn (1)
- 2—O Jerusalem, Collins and Lapierre (4)
- 3—A World Beyond, Montgomery (6)
- 4—The Savage God, Alvarez (3)
- 5—I'm O.K., You're O.K., Harris (7)
- 6—Open Marriage, Nena and George O'Neill (9)
- 7—Report from Engine Co. 82, Smith (8)
- 8—The Washington Pay-Off, Winterberger (5)
- 9—George S. Kaufman, Teichmann
- 10—The Game of the Foxes, Farago (10)

SHOW BUSINESS & TV

Kentucky Fried Cash

A stock gag line of young comedians is that they would like to host a fund-raising telethon, but by the time they got into the business "all the diseases were taken." Not quite. There is still the financial anemia that attacks many U.S. institutions, including political parties. The Democrats, for example, are heading into the 1972 campaign carrying a debt of \$9.3 million. In hopes of easing that burden, the party this weekend will stage the most ambitious telethon ever put on the screen.

Broadcast live from Hollywood, Miami Beach and Las Vegas, with various taped inserts, the 23-hour extravaganza will be the equivalent of a whole season of half-hour specials, or 46 shows featuring more than 170 name performers (among them: Henry Fonda, Shirley MacLaine, Andy Williams, Dionne Warwick, Henry Mancini, Robert Goulet, Milton Berle and Sally Kellerman). The only commercials will be soft-sell pitches for the party: "If you're up at this hour and can't sleep because you're worried about your oil-depletion allowance, this program is not for you." The organizers hope to have 10,000 volunteers manning phones in 35 cities to collect donations. Arrangements have been made with two credit-card companies to allow their 51 million card holders to charge their contributions.

The show will be produced by Hollywood TV Veteran Bob Banner. But the real force behind the show is John Brown, the 38-year-old Louisville entrepreneur who parlayed Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken into a multimillion-dollar fortune. To win party support, Brown has even offered to guarantee two-thirds of the show's \$1.5 million cost, in the event that everybody goes to bed early Saturday night. Brown says that his main motive is to save the two-party system by pulling the Democrats out of hock. Beyond that, he admits he has a hankering to run for the Senate from Kentucky.

Bella Bambina

Dominique Sanda has not been happy with reporters because they write mostly about her sensational body and her long, lithe legs, her enormous blue-gray eyes, her mysterious air and her supposedly wild past. At 21, with six movies behind her, she is not only a star, but already a mother, and she insists that her mind is intent on graver matters. "I'm trying to be a serious actress," she says sternly, "and I hope you will write a serious story. It would be just about the first one."

Reporters can be forgiven. So entrancing is her exterior that it is hard to look much further. Even her directors, some of Europe's best, almost gush

when they talk about her. "Dominique has charm and allure that are outside of our time today," says Bernardo Bertolucci, who directed her in *The Conformist*. He compares her to F. Scott Fitzgerald heroines, who destroyed men with their reckless charm.

Her directors find her aura of mystery the clue to her appeal. Vittorio De Sica, who worked with her in *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis*, says that she must play characters who are not obvious, women who do not express what is inside. "With Dominique," he observes, "one must scrutinize, one must search out what she sincerely thinks and feels. It is all closed inside." In the moody, half-toned study of an aristocratic Jewish family in Fascist Italy, Dominique played the sheltered, unworldly daughter. In *The Conformist*, another brilliant film about the same era, she was the lesbian wife of an anti-Fascist exile. In her newest movie, John Frankenheimer's *Impossible Object*, currently being shot in France, she plays a woman obsessed by an adulterous affair with a novelist, played by Alan Bates.

A Great Gift. In her best-known films, she has played relatively withdrawn women. The camera has dwelt upon her beauty and her curious combination of innocence and sensuality, a combination that her lover, French Actor-Director Christian Marquand, calls her essential quality. "She's slightly schizophrenic," says Marquand, "and that gives her a great gift of poetry and a natural perception of things." Some observers wonder, however, if she can act in a wider variety of parts. De Sica seems not to be one of the doubters; he sees her liabilities more as a factor of

age than temperament. "Una bambina," he says of the Dominique he directed, "with all the qualities and all the defects of the very young."

Until recently, in fact—probably until her alliance with the 45-year-old Marquand, who fathered her two-month-old boy—Sanda was in constant rebellion against a stringent French Catholic upbringing. When her parents refused to let her attend an art school in Paris, she left home at 16 and became a model. Success, travel and money came almost instantaneously. Some nude pictures taken at that time found their way into *Playboy* only this year, much to her disgust. "The nudity was an act of personal vengeance against my very strict upbringing," she explains. "Today it seems stupid." And her other rumored acts of personal vengeance involving sex and drugs? "Past history," she says. "It's not interesting to talk about that, at least not for me. There are some things that are too personal to talk about in public."

Dominique's story, in fact, avoids becoming a cliché only because her breakthrough was so extraordinarily easy. "I found her on the telephone," says Robert Bresson, who directed her in her first film, *Une Femme Douce*. "When I heard her voice, I guessed that she was beautiful." Like most women famed for their enigmatic charm, Dominique cannot understand what the fuss is all about. Now, far beyond her flaming youth, she does not lead such an unusual life. Though she and Marquand have no plans to marry, they are looking for a house in Provence, where they can raise their child away from the polluted air of Paris, in rustic if very comfortable domesticity. Such is her idea of high romance that one of her main mementos of Christian is a snippet of his toenail—suitably encased in gold and worn as an earring.

MICHAEL A. VACCARO—PHOTOGRAPHERS



ACTRESS DOMINIQUE SANDA



IN PROVENCE WITH MARQUAND

Crippling the Young?

One of the major trends in U.S. education during the past decade has been to start children in school at younger and younger ages. Wilson Riles, California's state superintendent of schools, wants to enroll new students when they turn four; New York State's board of regents recommends the age of three. At this point, some 40% of all three- to five-year-olds spend part of their day in classrooms, ranging from expensive private nursery schools to Head Start programs for the poor.

Now a heretical study argues that early schooling can be disastrous: "Sending four-year-olds off to school results in far more harm than good. Children probably shouldn't attend school until they are seven or eight... Early schooling is little short of crippling."

Disputes. To be published in September by Columbia University's *Teachers College Record*, the study was made by a father and son. Raymond Moore teaches education and heads the Hewitt Research Center at Andrews University in Berrien Springs, Mich.; his son Dennis is a graduate student at the University of Colorado. They dispute the three principal arguments in favor of early schooling:

► Children can and therefore should start learning almost at birth, or, as Harvard Psychologist Jerome Bruner put it: "Any subject can be taught effectively in some intellectually honest way to any child at any stage of development." On the contrary, the Moores say, many children's powers of vision and hearing are still forming until the age of eight. Thus they find it difficult to focus

on objects at close range, like a book, and to distinguish between similar letters, like *m* and *n*. The Moores also cite studies indicating that the nerve fibers connecting the various parts of the brain are not fully developed before age seven or eight. Hence younger children are ill equipped to learn arithmetic and other abstract skills.

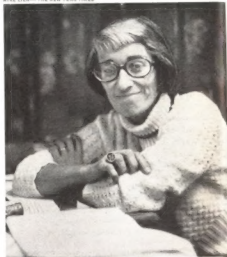
► Early enrollment enables children—particularly poor children—to get a running jump on learning. The Moores reply that most early-schooling schemes like Head Start fail to provide any lasting academic advantage, and, indeed, studies show that "the late starter generally does better through school than the child who starts early."

► A school provides a better environment for poor children than the streets or even the home. The Moores argue that except in serious cases of neglect, a young child separated from his mother and enrolled in school is "vulnerable to mental and emotional problems that will affect his learning, motivation and behavior."

Home Teaching. The Moores believe that some form of preschool learning might well take place in the home, with state-hired professionals advising parents on how to nurture their children's growth (a technique currently being tried by HEW's Children's Bureau in Washington). "We must find a child's natural habitat and improve it," Raymond Moore told *TIME*, "and that habitat is the home." Even in poor families, he says, "most mothers want to stimulate and teach their children but first must be taught how to do it." Only when there is no alternative—as in the case of severely handicapped children or those whose mothers must work—would the Moores permit very young children to go to schools or day-care centers. "Early schooling and parental deprivation together," they say, "are prime contributors to childhood maladjustment, motivational loss, poor retention, deterioration of attitudes, visual handicaps and a wide variety of other physical and behavioral problems."

A number of other educators agree that there is little evidence of lasting benefits from early schooling, but they would not abandon it altogether. Says Psychologist David Elkind of the University of Rochester: "A lot of parents are being sold a bill of goods, but the Moores go to an extreme. If learning is geared to the pace of a child's development, it can be beneficial." Psychologist Earl Schaefer of the University of North Carolina's School of Public Health is also wary of saying that the home alone is the best environment. But, like the Moores, he argues, "until a child has developed language skills, interest and an ability to look, listen and absorb, he should not have a structured environment forced on him."

WIKI LEX—THE NEW YORK TIMES



FEMINIST BERNICE SANDLER

An Uppity Woman

Diminutive, peppery Bernice Sandler, mother of two teen-age daughters, had just earned a doctorate in education from the University of Maryland when she decided that she was capable of a better career than two part-time jobs that paid her a grand total of \$5,000. So she went to work in 1970 as a psychologist for HEW and devoted her spare time to the Washington-based Women's Equity Action League. In the two years since then, she has become leader of the campaign to get more and better teaching jobs for women. She has filed some 250 complaints with federal agencies alleging sex discrimination by colleges and universities. This spring she helped cajole Congress into legislating equal treatment for women teachers. Says Mrs. Sandler: "I'm afraid that many men do not act morally unless they are pressured."

Now head of a women's rights program for the Association of American Colleges, Mrs. Sandler, 44, likes to wear a button that says **UPPITY WOMEN UNITE**. Last week she told some 85 top college administrators and faculty members meeting at the Irvine campus of the University of California that feminists will go all out next fall to get more women hired and promoted at U.S. colleges. They will have help. The session she addressed was financed by the U.S. Office of Education to tell college officials that they must make a "genuine effort" to recruit women and treat them equally.

Mrs. Sandler looks forward to "an enormous increase in litigation," partly because of the new antidiscrimination law but also because of a more activist spirit among women on campus. "Women are now waking up," she says. "And the universities have finally seen the light of day. They are being pressured by the government and by women, and they have no way out."



TEACHING AT HOME IN NEW YORK
Late starters do better.

1977 Pinto Wagon, shown at top with Squire option, optional whitewall tires, and luggage rack, shown at bottom, with optional whitewall tires and Base Accent Group.



The Pinto Wagon.

For people who'd like an economy car if it carried more. Or a wagon if it cost less.

It's a solid Ford Pinto.

Under the hood, you'll find a tough little 2000cc overhead cam engine as standard equipment.

The body is welded solid. Then electro-coated against corrosion. Then painted five more times.

There's rack and pinion steering like on some expensive sports cars.

In normal use, recommended maintenance is only every six thousand miles or every six months.

So if it's economy you're after, you'll find plenty in this new Pinto.

It's a convenient Ford Wagon.

You can get it as a basic wagon (below), or with the Squire option (above).

It's only 10 inches or so longer than our Pinto Sedan: easy to handle and park. But put the rear seat down and you get over 60

cubic feet of cargo space. VW Squareback and Vega Kammbach both give you about 50 cubic feet.

The lift gate swings up out of the way. The spare tire has its own well under the floor. The rear seat passenger windows flip open for ventilation.

In short, the Pinto Wagon gives you the kind of convenience and usefulness you'd expect from any Ford Wagon. Only it gives it to you in a basic little Pinto size.



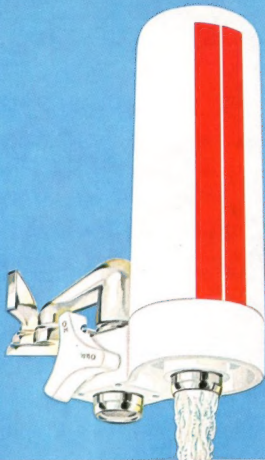
When you get back to basics, you get back to Ford.

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '72